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JUDGE NOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BENTLEY A. RICHMOND.

All day the sky had darkened grew,
Till every cloudy wave was sable;
And then from the misty blue
One round, white flake sailed down alone.

I looked to see where it would alight,
Half watching, and two balls of green:
The one a cheery, fresh and bright,
And one a thickle, barbed and keen.

But on this last the dewsy flake
Reposed in brightness, and the gale
Blew harmless by, nor drove to break,
As was in worth, this naked trail.

And then the blighted clover bud
Received its ray in fit content,
And said: "Here I'm of naught but good,
Yet blessings on the bad are sent."

I slept. But when the breaking morn
Returned upon the steps of night,
And called my form to greet the dawn,
Lo! still the wind was tinted in white.

No spot was left untouched, as just
Had nature lavished down her care;
The fertile field, the barren moor,
Had each received an equal share.

And then methought how vain the grief
That caused the clover's irate will,
Since time had brought such full relief
To one and all, to good and ill.

Proud man, take heed: 'n'as at the last,
Ere in the human heart enshrined
To scorn what works a sinner's good,
Nor wait its own with patient mind.

RAVENSPUR;
OR,
THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD STONE MANSION.

A ROMANCE OF VIRGINIA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LINWOOD LAYTON.

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CHAPTER V.
WITHIN THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Yes, for the first time in his life Hubert Linwood stood beneath the roof of the old stone mansion that had borne the reputation of being haunted for the last hundred years.

He stood here a full-grown man, coming from the uttermost parts of the earth, hardened in muscle, ambrowned in countenance and feature, brave, sober-minded, and not afraid to face any peril to which ordinary humanity is subject.

His first proceeding, after fairly within the house, was to make sure that both his weapons were in place.

Yes, they were—one double-barreled pistol in the pocket, resting upon his hip, and the other, somewhat smaller, nestling in his bosom, both in such positions that they could be grasped, cocked and fired at an instant's notice.

His next act was to feel around the room with his hands, in order to gain some idea of its contour and furniture.

A few minutes only were necessary for him to ascertain that the apartment was entirely empty of everything except himself. Not a chair, bedstead or carpet on the floor, nor a nail upon the walls. Bare floor, bare walls, emptiness everywhere.

His next natural proceeding was to search for the door leading out of this room, which was easily found and which drew inward without difficulty or noise.

This more than really plucky explorer in complete darkness, without the slight tinge of moonlight that he had gained while in the first small room; but using, as well as he could, the sober sense which nature had given him, he concluded that he was standing in the broad hall, which was always such a feature of the houses of the olden time, and along which it was necessary that he should proceed with the greatest caution to prevent his falling down stairs, or some similar catastrophe.

Hubert was just on the point of moving forward when he heard a footstep not far away.

It was of a person ascending the stairs from the lower door, a soft, slow, light, deliberate step, as if made by a lady in her slippers who was weary and tired, and about to seek rest.

The young sailor's first thought was to withdraw into the room which he had just left, and there wait until the "danger" had passed; but on second thought he concluded to stand his ground, thinking possibly that the very opportunity he was seeking was close at hand.

So he stood back against the wall as closely as possible, and waited and listened.

On came the soft, fairy-like step, nearer and nearer, until his heart fluttered with a strange emotion as the thought that most likely some interesting and beautiful young lady was approaching.

In a few moments the lady, as she certainly was, had reached the top of the stairs, and was moving along the hall toward him, he shrinking back still closer, if possible, so as to be clear of her person in passing.

"If she should discover me!" was the terror of his heart. "what a scene there would be!"

He held his breath as she glided still nigher, and felt as if shaken by an electric shock, when the rustling, silken dress, smooth, cold and unearthly, brushed his hands, and the faint rip, rip of the slippers was heard as she moved on down the hall.

Hubert Linwood, almost paralyzed, stared after her, and half fancied that he could detect a faint, dreamy odoriferous halo of light, such as the ideal has been in the mystic temples of the Orient.

Painter and painter grew the sound of the fairy slippers, until the strained ear could detect it no longer.

Where she, the unknown, had gone he could not conjecture. He had heard no doors open or shut, nor any sound beside the faint footsteps, and the "silken, and, by certain rustling" of the garments as they swept by him.

Naturally came the suspicion that she was still standing in the hall, at no great distance from him, where she would be certain to detect him the instant he made a movement.

This haunting fear kept him motionless for a few minutes, but the deep, undisturbed silence gradually convinced him that she had vanished from the hall, and determined him to move on in his explorations.

Accordingly he resumed his walk, with arms outstretched and literally feeling each step of the way. The floor of the hall was uncovered; he wore heavy boots, and, as is always the case at such times, the more he strove to proceed in silence the less he did so, until he realized himself to the conviction that there was no use at all in trying to do so.

When he ceased his efforts, however, for a moment he was so appalled at the frightful racket his boots created that he resumed his tip-toe movement again.

In this manner he had advanced a few yards when he became aware that he was on the eve of another discovery. He had reached a point in the hall directly opposite a door, from beneath the crevices of which issued a pencil or two of light, into the hall outside.

Hubert stood for some time, listening and debating whether he should pass on or seek to learn the meaning of this illumination. While he was doing so could judge, was in the very room in which he had noticed it when standing beneath the oak outside.

"I will take every advantage possible," was his conclusion as he gently rapped upon the outside, concluding that if the door should open to him he would have a wonderfully delicate and difficult task to justify his intrusion in the manner in which he had made it.

He knocked again.

Waited, but there was no response.

And a third time he rapped, somewhat louder than before.

Still no answer.

"Whoever makes a home here," he reflected, "has concluded that the ordinary fashion of knocking at a door is obsolete."

With which he placed his hand upon the latch, lifted it, and the door swung open.

One glance at the interior caused him to start back with surprise and shame, for he had invaded the privacy of what was unmistakably a lady's bed-chamber.

There stood the high old-fashioned bedstead, with its towering head-board, dark and quaintly carved, as were the posts also; the snowy linen and coverlets; the heavy stand, propped on a spacious Maltese cover, fringed at the borders; a large bureau, glittering pictures, drawings of the various paraphernalia that go to make up a lady's wardrobe, outfit and conversation, and no doubt as to the sex of the occupant of this room.

Hubert paused only long enough to see the small lamp burning upon the top of the bureau in the corner, which he divined was the cause of the door's being open, fearing that he would be doing an inexcusable piece of writing in looking within that sacred place after he had discovered its character.

"That has a very natural look," he added to himself, as he began moving along the hall again, "and it doesn't require a great deal of a demonstration of spirit would attend as a dressing."

Only a few steps further and the mysterious explorer found himself at the head of the stairs—the same, broad, gentle flights, up which the mysterious young lady had glided.

"I don't know whether there is anything to be seen below or not," he thought, "but I may as well take a look around there, as it seems to me that there must be somebody there who suspects my presence in the house."

Down the stairs he went, with the same caution as before, not being contrasting the noise made by his boots with the faint, musical patter of the fairy slippers of the stranger.

He had descended in this manner, with his hand upon the smooth balusters, to guard him, and was rounding one of the landings, when he again caught the glimmer of a light, this time coming through a partly open door upon the lower floor.

Without the least hesitation he made his way to this, shoved it open, and entered.

He saw at the same moment that he was in the large sitting-room of the house, on the right of the hall, as one came in by the front door, and, as before, was entirely alone.

The apartment, as I have said, was ample, with high ceilings, the walls bare, as also was the floor, the only articles of furniture being several plain, old-fashioned chairs and a heavy, cumbersome lounge, that was drawn diagonally in front of the fire-place, as if for the accommodation of some late visitant.

Upon the hearthstone were burning several chunks of hickory wood, and quite a pile lay at one side, with which to replenish it when necessary.

The mantelpiece above the fire had nothing upon it but dust, the only illumination of the room being given by the wood, which threw out a flickering, uncertain light, making curious, dancing, grotesque shadows upon the floor.

The room faced the rear of the house, with two windows opening out upon the desolate, lonely stretch of lawn, grown over with gnarled, untrimmed trees, smothered with creeping vines and scrubby bushes, forming as lonely and dreary an outlook as could possibly be imagined.

CHAPTER VI.
"SPIRIT MUSIC."

Hubert Linwood stood in the middle of the large, dimly lighted room, while he took in the characteristics that I have mentioned.

The day, it will be remembered, was in early spring, and quite cool, which, with his explorations within the dismal walls of the Haunted House, had so chilled the young sailor that the fire presented an exceedingly cheerful aspect, and, going up to it, he rubbed his hands, and turned different parts of his body toward it with no little enjoyment.

"This is an adventure," he mused, with a grim smile. "It didn't strike me as being so dangerous as that excursion Jack Bowline and Ned Bevens made with me in Batavia, when we rescued our comrade, Tom Jones, from those cut-throat East Indians; and yet I'll warrant that Jack and Ned both would go on a hundred such expeditions before they would follow me through the window of the Haunted House. Hallos! what's that?"

This exclamation was caused by the sight of a piece of paper folded up, and lying just beneath the lounge; and, as he was in search of knowledge, he picked it up, shook the dust off, carefully unfolded it, and then knelt down, with his side toward the fire, to enable him to read the printed words.

"Good heavens!" he gasped, "is this the last of them? If so, no one else shall see it."

With which he flung it into the fire, as though it had been a viper, and his eyes fairly gleamed as he saw it flame up and burn to ashes.

"There! I hope no mortal eye will ever look upon another again! They have caused me woe enough already."

No need of his reading the words thereon, printed in the quaint type of the olden time. Years ago it had stared him in the face from a hundred cross-roads and corners when he was dodging through the country, a fugitive from the law, and making his way to the sea, with the only purpose of getting as far away from Ravenspur and its remembrances as possible.

Every word was burned into his brain as with a red hot iron; they had flashed out in characters of lightning in the blackness of the midnight tempest upon the Atlantic; he had heard them howled by the monsoon of the Indian ocean, when the whistling cordage and tough canvas were blown to ribbons; they had come to him in the soft, silvery stillness of the tropical South Sea, among the perfumed groves of the Philippines, in the froth and fume and hell of the Pacific cyclone; by night and day, those words had haunted him, as did the brand upon the forehead of the first murderer; and now, when, after sailing around the great wide world, he came back to his old home, and stole into the Haunted House, these words met him from the fire again.

The paper was about the size of a sheet of foolscap; in fact, was one of the posters or handbills of the olden time. It was dated four years previous to the events I am narrating, and the words printed upon it were these:—

"$50 REWARD"

will be given by me for the capture of Hubert Linwood, in addition to the same reward offered by the authorities of the state of Virginia. He is believed to be hiding somewhere in this county, awaiting a favorable opportunity to escape therefrom.

"The said Hubert Linwood is about twenty years old, with clean-shaven face, rose slightly aquiline, dark, curling hair, dark eyes, smooth, regular teeth, of winning address and manners, about five feet ten inches in height, very active, powerful and muscular, and when last seen was dressed in black clothes of a fashionable cut.

"All good citizens will serve the cause of justice by helping to bring about the capture, and upon his delivery to the authorities in Richmond I will pay the above reward to whoever may be entitled thereto, making in all the sum of one thousand dollars. PERCY HAYLEIGH."

The type was the handbill, embellished with the capitals and exclamation points, that four years ago had been posted through the county, that came down in a perfect snow-storm upon Tideway and the neighborhood of Ravenspur, and it was this which sent Hubert skulking and dodging and running from his native state, when, without the assistance of a few tried friends, he would have been caught and conducted to murder.

"For a crime which God knows I have no much as entered my thoughts," he bitterly exclaimed, "and yet which was environed by such unaccountable circumstances that I was told I could not escape the gallows if caught, so I fled, believing that time would prove my innocence and make all things right; but time has not done so yet, and I suppose I am running my neck into the halter by venturing here. But what else can I do with a curse?" he added, in the woe of spirit. "Some one has done me a wrong worse than death, and the day, if not at hand, shall surely come when everything shall be brought to light. I always believed that Colonel Hawlett knew the secret and that he it was who lent himself to this crime, but he is dead, and with his death comes a suspicion that after all he may have been innocent, that some one moved the wires in this diabolical mockery. Who that individual was I cannot imagine, but he has deceived all, ALL—aye ALL, every one, and lasured my lifelong misery."

And overcome by his bitter anguish, Hubert Linwood sank down upon the lounge, covered his face with his hands, and his broad, deep chest shook as if torn by one of the fiend tornadoes that had overtaken the Stormy Petrel spinning over the dizzying deep. The pain of the time had supplanted the present, and he forgot that he was in the Haunted House—that already he had seen strange things and had set himself about unraveling, so far as human ingenuity could unravel, a part at least of the mystery of Ravenspur and the fated mansion.

But his time passed. He recalled his situation and looked about him with a keen, practical eye that was on the alert for any and every thing. As he entered the room he had left the door open, in which position it still remained, affording him a glimpse of the dark hall beyond. He was sensible of a certain chilliness in the air, and looking out through the windows, he could see by the swaying of the limbs of the trees in the moonlight that the wind had arisen, and, as the fire was smouldering, he threw on some more wood, and leaving the lounge, brought a chair close to the fire and sat near it.

About this time he became aware of a sound over his head, as if made by a person walking back and forth. It was a dull, subdued tramp, tramp, tramp, characteristic of a person in excited thought which he is endeavoring to work off.

"That doesn't amount to much," said the young sailor to himself, after he had listened to it for a while, "except as another proof that somebody besides ghosts makes his home here. That isn't the beautiful female in slippers that brushed by me on the stairs, and I would much rather hear her than that masculine noise. Hallos!"

As if in response to this uttered wish, he detected that very step upon the first landing of the stairs, and he placed his hand over his heart, as if to still its tumultuous throbbing while he listened.

"He is descending, too," he added, in no little excitement as the tramp came nearer and nearer, "I must speak again for the gratification of the ear, and ask her to give me a light and show me to my room."

Tip, tip came the steps, until they seemed to be in the very hall by the door, when they suddenly ceased, and a queer sensation crept over the watcher at the thought that at that moment he was undergoing the scrutiny of a pair of lovely eyes. But since as much as he might, he could see nothing of her, and the faintest shadowy glimpse.

"But she is there, and I will see her."

Saying which, he took several hasty strides, quickly passing the intervening distance, and thrusting his head through the doorway into the hall, said:—

"I trust you will excuse me, lady, but"—

He paused, as he discovered that he was addressing empty air, and, somewhat chagrined, he returned to the lounge, threw himself down upon it with a sort of despairing gesture, and resolved to wait till something more tangible presented itself.

"I will stay here till daylight, and if nothing new comes up I will go through the old building by daylight."

That he had heard nothing resembling a human voice, but now he caught a sound as if made by two persons discussing some matter in angry tones. He listened intently, but could distinguish no words, nor could he tell precisely the quarter from which they came; but it was evidently somewhere up-stairs. Hubert did not for an instant entertain the venture out into the hall with the expectation of gaining a clearer idea of what it meant. He was lying upon his back, with his arm thrown over his forehead, as a man will sometimes do when contemplating the light and vanishing stars; but it was only done now from habit, and with no thought of sleeping.

His heavy, dark, luxuriant whiskers, still spread out in the manner upon his breast, as that blood-curdling paper had described them with the description as given in the proposed handbill, then a reward would have been little likely of discovering him, and so Hubert lay there in a half-reclining position, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, and his mind wandered back to that awful period, four years ago, when the thunderbolt descended from the sky and everything was changed, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. Unaware to himself, slumber was gradually stealing upon him as he lay in this easy position, with nothing like physical fear possessing him.

And just as his mind was wavering, flickering upon the very border-land of oblivion, he caught the sound of music, so sweet and heavenly, that, fully awakened, he still lay like one in a trance, fearful of stirring lest he should break the spell and stop the angelic strains.

At first it was so faint and airy that he thought it was made by the wind, that in some exceptional way had found a tongue among the climbing ivy or century-eaten shingles, by which its wild, weird music was interpreted to favored ears.

There was a peculiar sinking and rising about it at first that suggested the Æolian harp that was suspended overhead; but, as he listened, he became certain that it had another source than this, and a source which he dare scarcely conjecture.

There is a power in music over the human heart which we all know, but which you, not I, nor any one can explain. The masters of the divine art have played men and women like the enchanters of the ancient times; they have fired the soldier to face a ghastly death when naught else would give him courage; they have inspired men to acts of heroic sacrifice and lofty devotion that have made them immortal; have soothed the subtle poison of the reptile, and wafted the sufferer over the shadowy bridge to the dark beyond; it awakens emotions in the heart that have slumbered for centuries, and the great Napoleon, weeping at the sounds of the Sabbath morning bells, which had not reached his ears since childhood, is an example of the wonderful, soul-penetrating power of music over human emotions and passions.

A feeling that came over Hubert Linwood, as he listened to the faint, airy music, was that of unspeakable sadness. As soon as the first low humming, wind-like sound resolved itself into a voice, with its unapproachable pathos and subtlety of expression, it seemed to him as if a sorrow had descended upon him greater than he could bear. He drew a deep, mournful sigh, and felt as if the hour had come when life could offer no further inducement to him to tarry upon earth, and he was willing and ready to accept any messenger of Providence who might wished, indeed, that he might lie where he was, and sink into death with that ravishing but sorrowful strain in his ears.

Now the ravishing strain seemed to die away with a wavy, fluctuating, tantalizing sweetness, that made the ear strain itself with a painful intensity to catch more, as the famished lips strain for the cooling drops after the green fields and plashing fountains with which the cruel mirage torments his dying moments.

Then, when the airy spirit-tones were just vanishing miles away in the air above him, they trembled on the verge of utter extinction for a few seconds, and, as the rapt soul was about to resign itself in despair, it made a sweep downward, like a plunge of the lark from the heights of azure, into the air of earth again, filling and swaying the soul with such heavenly sweetness that it seemed to the spell-bound, listening sailor that he was on the point of losing himself, consciousness and identity, in the tremulous glory that filled his being to the very centre.

Through all this wondrous, marvelous dallying with the enchanted senses, Hubert Linwood felt a peculiar and certain indescribable familiarity with the music. Somewhere in the dim past he had heard something of the same nature; somewhere, something had awakened emotions akin to those which now possessed him. But when and where?

Was it in the silent watches of the night, when, leaning over the gunwale of the Stormy Petrel, as she slid over the South Pacific, impelled by the mysterious trade-wind that had wafted her week after week upon her voyage, he watched the phosphorescent glimmer of the vasty deep? Was it amid the orange groves of the Spice Islands, where the strange odors overpowered the senses; or was it on the dusky plains of India, when listening to the wild music of the native maidens, or as he watched the performers lamps floating down the Ganges at even tide? Or was it in the shadowy, dream-like reminiscence of the mother's lullaby that had hushed him to rest in his infancy? Was it the spirit voice of that sainted mother, come from earth years and years ago, come to soothe his weary soul with the music of the angels? Or was it—?

He pursued his queries no further.

Whatever or other I will understand what it means," he thought; "this mystery shall be cleared away from my eyes, and I shall see things as they are."

It was this certainty that this was not the first time that he had heard this that prevented Hubert Linwood from entirely losing his identity. He lay with his arm over his eyes, and them shut. He wished nothing to interfere or distract his senses while this unspeakable enjoyment lasted. If he should remove his arm he would see the high stained ceiling, the two windows, and the trees tossing their arms in the moonlight, he bare walls, with the dancing shadows from the fire upon them, and he would know that he was in the Haunted House. No; he would forget where he was. Even though he heard footfalls in the room, and knew that some dark danger was stealing upon him, he would not stir or speak to ward it off! He would be content to let it come, if so be it might prolong these blissful moments, which, something seemed to tell him, were never to come to him again.

Never once was he able to detect anything bearing even a remote resemblance to words in these enrapturing strains, which seemed not to be in or near the house, but floating, sinking, swelling, trembling, dying out far in the air above him, tantalizing the senses, as did the syrens when they lured the navigators to their ruin. How long these memorable moments lasted Hubert Linwood, in after life, was never able to conjecture. Every sense seemed merged for the hour, or, into the bewildering phantasmagoria of dreamland, the phenomena may have begun and ended in a tenth part of that time.

But the whole night might have passed thus, and back all too short for him. There was never a second from first to last when he did not feel that it would be so recklessly cast away if he should live for a thousand years, enthralled, until the soul had been borne upward and forever away from the body. But finally came the change. The music seemed to come nigher and nigher, and to grow more and more powerful, fewer once losing its ravishing, tremulous, soul-possessing nature, until, when seemingly directly over his head in the very room, it stopped! And, as it did so, he sprang upright upon his feet, quivering from head to foot!

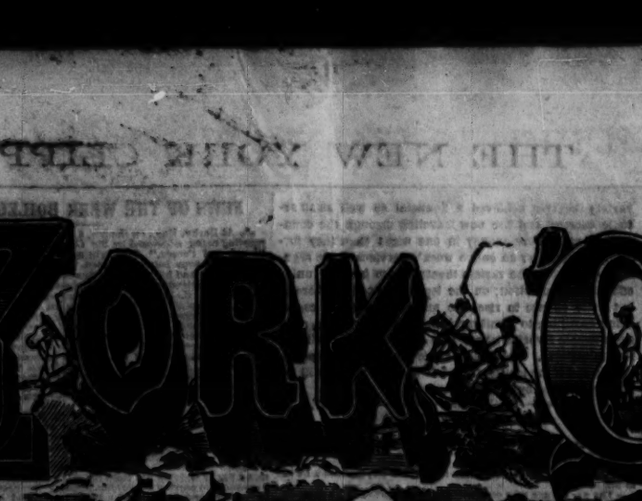
His first impression was that Memory had recalled when and where that same music had enchanted him in the years gone by! The last strain had brought it all back to him! Yes; he knew it! he knew it! The whole bewildering truth had burst upon him like the avalanche that overwhelms the Alpine wanderer!

"Heaven sustain me, or I shall go mad!" he gasped, pressing his hand to his forehead, while great beads of agonized perspiration streamed down his face!

CHAPTER VII.
A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Yes; Hubert Linwood believed he had solved the mystery with the last expiring strains of that wondrous music that had so filled, ravished and overwhelmed his being, as he lay with covered eyes in the Haunted House. Rushing out into the hall, he glared wildly around, like a wild man, and cried:—

"Evelyn! Evelyn!" he called in a voice of touching agony, "will you not come to me? I have returned to you, after weary years of wandering over the world, and can you refuse to receive me as of yore?"



THE FIRST BOWERY THEATRE.

For Sketch see Page 822.

The burning embers upon the hearth behind him fell apart with a swift, rustling sound; the draught of air up the capacious throat of the chimney so went with a faint, moaning tone, and the wind, swaying the oak and stealing through the clustering ivy, seemed to carry the wail of lost spirits with it.

But otherwise all was still, the wondrous music had long since ceased, the dull tramp overhead was gone, and the shattering voices were heard no more. The reloading of the weapon completed, the sailor placed the tiny powder-horn in his pocket, grasped his pistol in left hand (he being ambidextrous), and looked about him. Could it be?

There stood the identical figure, just as he had seen it a few minutes before, but in front of the other window. Hubert's first impression was that it was within the room in which he was standing, but a second glance showed that it was on the outside. Instead of standing motionless, as at first, it had a peculiar undulating motion, apparently swaying from side to side, with something like a dance-like movement. The amazed, and I may well say *frightened*, sailor stood in silence for a minute or two, watching the extraordinary sight, at a loss what to do or think.

"I'll try it again," he finally muttered between his set teeth, as he again brought up his weapon to a level, "and I'll give it the benefit of a warning, if such be a benefit."

He scarcely believed it of any use, but he did it to ease his conscience, in case anything should result.

"I command you to leave," he called out, in a loud voice, "or I shall fire."

One, two, three, and bang, bang went the glass again, and the shadowy terror, with the same, wave-like undulation of movement, floated out of sight, apparently wafted away upon the wings of the wind.

Hubert Linwood stood with his empty pistol in hand, staring at the fractured window, as if doubting for the moment whether he was dreaming or awake. He had certainly seen enough to unnerve the strongest man, and he was appalled in heart. He had no thought, when he so daringly leaped into the window of the Haunted House, of encountering anything like this.

He had been met and baffled at every point, and when he believed he had succeeded in unraveling the all-tantalizing mystery, and opened the way for penetrating the secret of Ravenspur, he had been brought face to face with terrors of which he had never dreamed, and which effectually shut out all progress in that direction.

"It is madness to strive against fate," he exclaimed, as, catching up his hat and thrusting the empty pistol in his pocket, he threw up the window, leaped out and strode rapidly away, not knowing and not caring in what direction or where he went, for what became of him. Gloom, sorrow and despair were in his heart!

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUT ON THE ROAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
And Dedicated to the Merry Sleighing Carnival,
BY FRANK C. PILLEY.

Hurrah! hurrah! we gaily shout
As we ride o'er the frozen snow;
With a pretty girl and a gay turnout,
Like a meteor swift we go;
The sleigh-bells ring a silvery chime,
While merrily we dash along—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the road.

Let others boast of a Pullman car,
Or a steamer on the sea;
A whisker punch and a good cigar
And a jaunty sleigh for me.
Though the frosty air blows keen and chill,
And the mercury sinks below zero,
And the eye grows bright and the pulses thrill
As we glide o'er the glorious snow.

Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis a stirring sight
To see the steeds go by,
With a rush and a dash like an eagle's flight
Each o'ertaker seems to fly;
They rush along with a racer's swing
As they pull their merry load—
We'll gaily sing as the sleigh-bells ring,
Hurrah! hurrah! for the road!

THREE TIMES.

I. THE FIRST TIME.

"POSITIVELY the last night of Herr Rudolph Prusnowski and the performing lions! Positively the last night! For the benefit of Herr Rudolph Prusinowski. Under the distinguished patronage of their Majesties Queen Victoria, the Emperor of China, the Cham of Tartary, his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, Simeon Muddlebrain, Esq., M. P., the Mayor and Corporation of Spindlecum, and other august personages too numerous to mention. Doors open early. Positively last time. Come and see the lions. Herr Rudolph Prusinowski, the favorite of crowned heads and the elite of Europe. Take notice! The great Prusinowski has had the honor of performing before the Mikado of Japan. The world-renowned Prusinowski has been decorated with the order of Rouge et Noir by the Grand Duchess of Selbrewsserbarg. Don't miss the lions!"

The above notice, and many others of the same character—in which a picturesque fancy, aided by the experience of a public career, trifled with the sobrieties of fact and tripped lightly across the borderland of fiction—appeared in gigantic black letters upon a yellow poster on the side wall of the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, and in the streets and marketplace, upon the quays, and in the back alleys of the commercial city. Spindlecum was a large manufacturing town—a town that did a good deal of business in the export way, and had much commerce by land and sea, and Spindlecum could boast of two theatres: the Royal, an elegantly-appointed edifice in a side-street off the quay, with a stone portico, surmounted by a bust of Shakespeare; a house about which elderly inhabitants of Spindlecum cherished fond visions of Edmund Kean, and where Macready and Harley had remembered to stock actors, but a house which had never paid a manager within the memory of man; and the Queen's, a vast barnlike building, with a lofty roof supported by iron girders, three tiers of boxes, and Alpine heights in the way of galleries, which, contemplated from the broad valley of the pit, seemed inaccessible to the foot of man. The Queen's was making a great deal of money. There was a pit, and there was a threepenny gallery, whereby the house was never empty, and on Mondays and Saturdays overflowed with noisy human life. The audience at the Queen's was critical, but on the whole good-natured; requiring plenty of life and movement in the pieces, and what may be called showy action in the performers. The Queen liked stars, and was tolerably universal in its appreciation of those luminaries that were glamorous in their appliance of some stalwart Othello or lead-voiced Hamlet, next week gaping entranced upon the contortions of a family of acrobats, now crowding to see Mr. Reginald Montmorency and his celebrated mare Black Bess in the grand spectacular drama of "Dick Turpin, or the Ride to York," anon rushing to behold Signor Poloni and his striped zebra of the prairie.

A man with a pale, sallow face, blue chin, and close-cut hair sat in a lounging attitude upon a low wall opposite the stage-door of the Queen's, smoking a meditative pipe, and contemplating the big yellow poster with a dreamy fondness. He had a little group of satellites about him, also close-cropped, blue-chinned, and tobacco consuming; minor lights in the dramatic heaven, the stock company of the Queen's, who were thrown a little into the background by the lions, shuffling through a preliminary melodrama nightly, before an audience who beheld them with impatience, and heard them sometimes with derision, eager for the grand business of the evening.

"I think that ought to hit 'em up," said the Herr thoughtfully (he spoke excellent English for a foreigner, but seemed scarcely to have acquired the language in the most aristocratic or esthetic circles). "The Mikado looks well, doesn't he?"

"First-rate," replied Mr. de la Zouche, the walking gentleman. "For a nice kind of man, the Mikado is."

Herr Prusnowski turned his contemplative eyes upon the inquirer with a look of placid scorn.

"You ain't so jolly green as to suppose I ever set eyes upon him," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I was never in Japan in my life; never nearer than a japan candlestick. The Mikado is a safe card, he let who's to say any questions about him? And as to Cham of Tartary, I always invent one of them two for the last night in the world." However, that's five years ago, and there's Robinson still performing with me. The brute has such a wonderful gift for his profession! and his sagacity and soul's in it too. Take that animal in the middle of the day, when he ain't particular hungry, and he's a decent fellow enough; but come between him and his business, and you'll find out what a lion is. He's the rainest beast out, and cuts up rough if he don't get a round of applause for every trick he does. But, Lord bless you, there's no such thing as genius without vanity. He's been a fright to me, first and last, has that animal. Brown and Jones are nothing more than supers to him."

"You didn't see any more of your friend in the box?" inquired Mr. de la Zouche, who was not particularly interested in the prowess of the gifted Robinson.

"Course him. no! By the time I'd changed my clothes he had left the house. I went round to the box-office to see if the box-keepers could tell me anything about him. No; he was a stranger. He had taken his seat more morning, finding there was no visit to be had, and paid his three guineas without a question.

"Now, I dare say you'll think me a fool, fellow, Bill," said when I left you I couldn't help my self, for I've had the nights after I thinkin' of that man. I could not get his pale cheeks and dark eyes and long beard out of my head, that horrid shocking hat on the side of his head. There's a fellow who'll go to pay a hard penny, I can tell myself. There's a man who'd stand by you to the last, and a dreadful hard drinker, drawn a knife on me once, and a dreadful hard fighter, I'll be bound. I don't know why I should have that feeling about him, but I can't help it. I don't doubt in my mind that he's been in the business for an hanimal all the years; I hadn't a doubt in my mind that it was through him I made a mess of it at the end."

"Did you never see him again?" asked the yo

"Never but once," answered the lion-tamer, and then I thought it was all over with me."

He grew suddenly grave, gloomy even, at the mere recollection waked by the walking gentleman's inquiry.

"Never but once," he repeated, "and God grant I never may be so again! When a man in my trade loses his head, it's all up with him."

"How did it happen, old fellow?" asked Mr. Tiddikins.

Herr Prusinowski stopped to fill his pipe before answering the question. It was four o'clock upon a blazing July afternoon, rehearsal was over, her Majesty's servants of the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, had dined in the intervals of the day's work at their several lodgings, and had nothing particular to do with themselves until tea-time. An actor of this class has generally a rooted aversion to going home.

"Well, you see," the lion-tamer began in a leisurely way, dropping to take a few preliminary whiffs after those three words of prelude, "I was at Manchester just upon five years ago, and it was my last night and my 'turn,' as it might be to-night." A pause and a few more puffs. "We was doing first-rate business, fizzing, and I don't think I was ever in such high spirits in my life. My pockets were stuffed with money that I'd been taking about the town for tickets, and I hadn't a place to put in my dress-circle.

"Why, Bill,' says my little woman, when I kept running in and out of our lodgings between whiles at rehearsal—we was close agen the slum—taking her in a handful of money every time, 'you seem as if you was bewitched; I don't like to see you like that. I had a Scotch friend once as said it was a bad sign—a sign of something going to happen.'

"'Lord love your little foolish heart,' I answered, 'it's a sign of nothing except that I'm going to have a screaming house to-night. I don't suppose there'll be a corner you can screw yourself into if you want to see me.' For she's a rare one for going in front of a night, you know, is the missus."

Mr. de la Zouche and Mr. Tiddikins murmured their acquaintance with this domestic fact. Herr Prusinowski smoked his pipe for a minute or so, and then went on—

"Why, there's the family box," he said.

"That's a large private box on the opposite prompt, that don't often let, unless there's Italian Opera, or Chas. Mathews, or something out of the common.

"'No, there ain't,' I answered laughing.

"'What!' cried the missus, 'is that let too?'

"'Let this morning,' said I, 'and there's the money—three pound three—thirty-one-and-six of which comes to us.'

"For I had a half share clear of expenses, same as here. Lizzie—that's my wife, you know—was quite proud to think I was going to have such a good box audience, for it isn't every box audience as will take to wild beasts. You may get schools and pious people, that object to the drama, but consider a man putting his head into a lion's mouth improving—there's quite a run upon lions in the Scriptures—but, as a rule, your boxes are shady. So my Liz was proud of my dress circle that night.

"'I wonder whether it's the mayor and his family,' she said, speculating about that big private box.

"'No,' I told her; "it's a gentleman and a stranger, so names.'

"Well, the night came, a smoulering hot summer evening, since as it will be to-night. The performances began with one of your talkee-talkee genteel comedies, and the house was so full and noisy the actors couldn't hear themselves speak. They got through it somehow, there was a short overture, and then the curtain went up for my performance. The three lions discovered in a forest, to slow music, which gets round for them, and gives me my entrance and reception.

"You know the beasts that they were the same three I've got now—Brown, Jones and Robinson. Old Brown's a harmless old chap enough, has a sound tooth in his head, and no more courage in a cage than a mouse. Jones is a deep old dodger, but there isn't much harm in him; but Robinson's a nasty-tempered beast, a brute you never can be sure of, an animal that will lick your hand one minute, and be ready to snap your head off the next.

"Well, I got a first-rate reception; I thought the gallery would have never left off whistling; and the sight of the house, crammed to the ceiling, made me almost giddy. Perhaps it was the heat of the place, which was like an oven; perhaps, as I'd been standing treat or being stood for off and on pretty well all day, I may have took a little more than was good for me; anyhow, I felt the house spinning round me, just as if I'd been some duffer of a novice. However, I got to the old stager I generally do.

"I looked at the family box O, curious to see who'd taken it. There was only one gentleman there, a man of fifty or thereabouts, with a cadaverous, lantern-jawed face, and light reddish hair, very straight, combed neatly on each side of his forehead. He was dressed in black, regular evening dress, white choker and all complete, and, do you know? the instant I set eyes upon that man, he gave me a turn.

"What was a queer fancy," said Mr. de la Zouche, helping himself to tobacco from the Herr's gutta-percha pouch, which lay open on the wall.

"Perhaps it was, but if that night was to come over again, I should have the fancy over again," replied Prusnowski. "It was partly his own looks, I think; partly the way he looked at me; but I felt the rest of the audience, all good nature, expecting to be amused, but with a steadiest, ravenous kind of look, that made my blood run cold. That's a man who'll like to see something happen to me,' I said to myself.

"I didn't give way to the fancy all at once. I began the performance, but I stole a glance at my gentleman at table-head gentleman now and then, and always found him looking at me in the same way. He had large, light grey eyes, very light and very prominent. I can see them now, and they followed every move I made, like a cat's following a mouse. He never moved his eyes from me, he never smiled, he never applauded; he sat in a half crouching attitude, leaning over the front of the box, watching me, and his hands kept on the ledge in front like claws, tied to each of my legs. Everything went well for some time, though I felt I'd never done this go worse. Brown and Jones behaved beautifully, but as towards the last, when I had to put my head into Robinson's mouth to bring down the curtain, I saw that the brute was in one of his nasty tempers. I suppose the heat had put him out—I know the perspiration was streaming down my face—or perhaps he didn't like the look of that cadaverous gentleman in the private box. Anyhow, he turned nasty, and when I wanted to collar him, bounced away from me.

"The house turned as still as death all in a moment, and I could see the audience was frightened. I gave a look at my gentleman in the box. He was leaning a little farther over the cushion, with something like a smile on his face. Such a smile! I could fancy any one going to see a man hung smiling like that.

"'Stay to not be vrightened, ladies and shentlemens,' I said in my broken English (old Saucerkraut, the opheciest at the Lane, taught me that dodge), 'it is nothing. I got you! I can't help you, my dear, if you're,' upon which I gave Robinson a pretty severe cuff, and began to draw his jaws open.

"The brute snarled, turned upon me, and in the next instant would have had his teeth in my shoulder, if I hadn't given the signal for the curtain. Half a dozen carpenters rushed upon the stage and helped me to tackle him. We had him safe in less than a minute; but just at that one moment, before the curtain dropped, it was as near as a toucher.

"There was a good deal of applause; not that I'd done anything to deserve it, for the business of putting my head in the brute's mouth was in the bill, and the audience had been swindled out of that; but they evidently knew I'd been in danger, and they called me before the curtain. I looked up at that white-faced devil in the private box. He was standing up, rubbing his hands in a satisfied kind of way, as if he had seen what he wanted to see; and as I passed just under him he said in a slow, measured voice that gave me the shivers:—

"'A narrow escape, Herr. Very well done, indeed! I congratulate you.'

"I gave him a look, which he ought to have understood, if he didn't; made my bow to the house, and went off the stage. Robinson was quiet enough by this time. My man Joe Purdy had walked him off to his box, and there he was growling over his shin-bones, as mild a lion as you'd wish to see. 'Only let me get you safe back to London, my friend,' says I, and I'll take you down to Jamrach's and swop you for something better tempered. You'll get all very well; but temper's worth all the talent in the world.' However, that's five years ago, and there's Robinson still performing with me. The brute has such a wonderful gift for his profession! and his sagacity and soul's in it too. Take that animal in the middle of the day, when he ain't particular hungry, and he's a decent fellow enough; but come between him and his business, and you'll find out what a lion is. He's the rainest beast out, and cuts up rough if he don't get a round of applause for every trick he does. But, Lord bless you, there's no such thing as genius without vanity. He's been a fright to me, first and last, has that animal. Brown and Jones are nothing more than supers to him."

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man in a general way, nor superstitious either, but I'd give up the biggest haul I ever made by a benefit rather than act before that man.'

"A queer notion," said the humorous Tiddikins.

"A very queer notion," echoed the gentlemanly De la Touche.

He was not a fine actor, the walking gentleman, belonging rather to that class of performer who is contemptuously likened to a stick, and his dramatic path had been by no means strewn with roses; yet he was fain to congratulate himself that it had not been beset by lions. He had been somewhat inclined to envy Rudolph Prasmnowski the distinction and prosperity of his career, but just now it occurred to him that there were two sides to the picture. He rubbed his shoulder thoughtfully, and was glad to think that he was exposed to the assaults of no fiercer animals than those rampant tragedians who snubbed him when he played Horatio, and made light of him in Cassio, but who melted a little on their benefit nights, and treated him to beer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1873.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
corner of Camps and Leonard streets,
Box 3,360, New York P. O.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

P. M. D. and J. W., Ottawa, Ont.—1. There is no place in this country where performing poodle dogs are kept for sale. 2. When last heard from the *Gregory Family* were performing in India. 3. James Robinson, "the champion bare-back rider," is alive and at present performing in New Orleans, La. 4. It would be necessary to send the measures of the men for base ball costumes. 5. Nearly every gymnast traveling does the act you mention, but how many they are in number we cannot say.

THALIA, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Lawrence Barrett commenced his engagement at Detroit, Mich., playing small parts. 2. Daniel E. Bandmann was never a supernumerary in any theatre in Philadelphia. He held a good position as an actor on the German stage ere he appeared on the English. The first appeared on the American stage speaking the English language, at Niblo's Garden, as prompt and business manager for Dion Boucicault.

H. Y., Jan. 15th, 1863, acting Shylock.

H. M. S.—During the summer of 1870, Master Barney, Add Ryman and Tom Hart acted at the Theatre Comique. We find in our review of the performances of the week ending Aug. 13th, that year, that Master Barney appeared in his Dutch specialties, and Add Ryman and John Hart performed an Ethiopian sketch entitled Stranded. Chicago is the fall of that year they all performed at the Globe Theatre.

D. S., Paris, Ky.—There is a raffle—first and second prizes—highest number gets first and lowest number the second prize. Before you commence throwing a man bets 10 to 1 that he would not win it. He threw the lowest number and won the second prize. Does he lose his bet of 10 to 1?".....The bet is no money or wager, that is impossible to decide what was meant, and therefore it should be drawn.

N. A. F., Fort Wayne.—1. The fastest time on record in a race in the United States is 1:42¾, made by Alarm at Saratoga, Philadelphia being second in the race. 2. Flying Dutchman has no recorded time at any distance, for none of the races on the English turf are officially timed. 3. Seymour's majority for president in the State of New York in 1868 was 10,419.

E. U. G., New Orleans.—1. We are not positive, but the probability is that some of them have been set to music in the western cities. 2. The Fat Boy's part is not in hand; it is safe to doubt'been sent to Europe first, for we frequently receive letters that have just returned from a trip "ten thousand miles away" or less. We regret not having received the letter.

CONSTANT READER, Troy, N. Y.—The time of the *Vanderbilt*, as given in our last time supplement (7 days, 20 hours and 34 minutes) is correct. The difference between it and that given for the same trip in last year's issue is attributable to a mistake on the part of the steamboat company, 4 hours and 48 minutes having been deducted for difference in time, instead of 4 hours and 31 minutes.

D. H. B., Monroe, La.—1. There is nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent a man from being elected to the presidency more than twice. 2. Neither the governor nor lieutenant governor vote in the election of United States Senator; he is elected by the legislature. 3. Berlin is not the second largest city in the world.

MANY READERS.—At casino, a player can build at any time on his opponent's build, except when the latter calls the plural denomination. For instance, your opponent calls a build for "fives," you can build it to seven, eight, etc., with deuce, trey, if you hold a seven or eight in hand, but if he calls the build "fives," you cannot build on it, but can take it with a five.

READER, Detroit.—1. Should A have a pair of aces, and B bets $50 on the ace, and then puts $50, running ace, tray; the dealer then says the limit is $50; B says all right, and the turn comes tray, ace. Does the latter pay the bet on the ace or not?".....He must pay the $50 bet on the ace.

Y. M. D., Wheeling, West Va.—The state of Indiana having elected a democratic governor, must be decided to have gone democratic at the withdrawal of the republican electors, as the choice of the state officers. In a state election the highest officer governs.

CONSTANT READER, New Orleans.—The sequence of king, queen, jack, ten and nine beats that composed of ace, deuce, trey, four and five. It is true that the ace counts both ways in a sequence at poker, but that formed of ace, deuce, etc., is the lowest that can be made.

INQUIRER.—B wins, because George Clarke was never a pupil of the late Edwin Forrest. He traveled with him one season, acting the second characters, and directing the rehearsals for Mr. Forrest, but he never held a prominent position on the stage for some years before that time.

A. S. O., Providence, R. I.—The stage of the Bowery Theatre, N. Y., is 80 feet wide from the line of the curtain to the line of the wall; the area of the Boston Theatre stage is 8,168 feet; the Academy, Philadelphia, 6,570 feet, and Booth's Theatre, 4,346 feet 8½.

MARY.—Should the post office department in not responsible for money lost in the mail during *transitu*, or otherwise, and letters are only registered so that greater care may be taken with them and to enable the sender to trace them in case of loss.

A. B. C., Bloomington, Ill.—The death of Greeley did not affect bets on the election for president, as they were determined by the result of the election. Provision was made, it was specially mentioned at the time that in case of death the bets should be off. You are therefore entitled to the money won.

NEWSDEALER, Baltimore.—1. At cribbage, four 4's, with a seven turned up, count 24. 2. Three fives and the Jack of clubs in hand, with the five of clubs turned up, count 20—viz., 14 by fifteens, 12 for the double pair royal of fives, and one for the knave of the suit turned up.

TRAVELER, Davenport, Iowa.—1. Charles O'Connor was not a candidate for the Presidency, although there were many votes cast for him. 2. He played a match with Cyrilla Dion at Belleville, Canada, and was beaten. 3. Shall be glad to receive the items at any time.

A READER, Chicago.—1. According to the statements of their respective trainers, Edwards weighed 134½ lbs. and Chambers 119½ lbs. the day previous to the race. 2. Shall be happy to dispense with the ceremony of scaling on the day. 3. McCools was knocked down half a dozen times in his fight with Coburn.

A. W. B., Hamilton, Canada.—1. We know no'thing of the gentleman named, further than that he advertises with us. 2. Harps are manufactured in this country. 3. We never attempt to decide in a matter with which before it was brought to notice.

S. J. S., Boston.—There are no rules governing the game of railroad euchre with the joker card. Those who make such cards ought also to make the rules governing the game in which they are used.

T. O., Buffalo.—1. Dexter was never at the Buffalo Driving Park after he was purchased by Mr. Bonner. He trotted two other matches engagements at Chicago and Hamilton, C. W. 2. We can send to him with safety.

"ERNEST LIEBLING," Elizabeth, N. J.—The vote for president for Louisiana has not been officially announced, but from the best prospect, under the existing condition of affairs in that state, that it will be seen.

J. JUNE, London, Eng.—1. The letter has been delivered. 2. The greatest distance trotted within the hour is 20 miles, which was covered in 58 min. 28 sec. by Capt. McGowan on a half-mile track. 3. It was, to the best of our knowledge.

TED B. R.—Neither of the English pugilistic Goliahs or the French horse Gladiateur ever ran two miles in 3 min. 12 secs. 2. No horse ever made the above time in a two-mile race. 3. There is no official time taken on the English racing turf.

HANK LEVERSON.—No. 2 has not been published in Paris, France, at last advices, but may be on her way to New York by this time. 2. There is no especial place for the sale of original songs in this city.

L. B. W., Phœnixville.—1. We do not answer questions by mail. 2. You will find the whereabouts of Blind Tom in our musical summary when we are possessed of the information, and we presume he could be secured for a benefit.

S., Des Moines, Iowa.—The vote for the state of Missouri being Greeley, 151,433; Grant, 119,196, and O'Conner, 3,630, A, who bet that Greeley would have 30,000 majority, loses, he lacking 198 votes to have that majority.

J. L., Georgetown, D. C.—1. The Jack is scored the moment it is turned, notwithstanding it be of the suit previously run. 2. If you are 6 each, and you turn up Jack, you win, as it is scored at once.

STRAIGHT TIP, Belchertown, Mass.—1. Longfellow ran the first mile of the Saratoga cup race 2½ miles, in 1:43, but it does not go on the record. 2. No record is kept of games not played in public.

IRVE WARD, Philadelphia.—The duty of the game-keeper is to mark the game as called by the players themselves. He has no right to speak if he sees a player making a revoke; the players must watch the game for themselves in that respect.

T. S., Port Richmond, S. I.—1. Each of the players being 9, and 10 points game, B goes out first with his high, C second with low, and A third with Jack. 2. B goes out first with his high and low, before C's Jack and game.

H. S., Louisville, Ky.—1. The cocks were bought of an Englishman named George Gilkerson, but we cannot give his address, as he has since removed from Syracuse, where he lived. 2 A letter to the care of this office will reach him.

H. N. S., Lisbon.—The player entitled to three points. 2. In case of a misdeal, the non-dealer can either compel the dealer to deal again or claim the deal himself.

J. H.—All state r*easons* are penitentiaries, but all penitentiaries are not state pris*ons*. The prison on Blackwell's Island is a penitentiary.

ALEXIS.—Wh*e*n they were not in partnership there was a larger proportion *o*f *a*t the higher price than when they amalgamated, hence t*h*e discrepancy in profits.

JOHN TY*L*ER, Hyde Park, Ill.—"At forty-five B. plays the ace of diamond*s*; can T. take it with the deuce ?".....Yes; unless diamon*d*s are trumps.

T. B., West Kansas City, Mo.—The first copyright on a book has a good for fourteen years, and the heirs are entitled to any advantages accruing from its publication if the author is dead.

LEATHERSTOCKING.—Charles O'Connor did not accept the nomination tendered him, and consequently was not a candidate, although votes were cast for him.

C. G. D., West Philadelphia.—The two men who threw 45 and fled are entitled to first and second prizes, and throw off for choice. The party who threw 44 has no claim or anything.

M. M. R., Wyandotte.—The cards must be played out, and if both players count out the game as a tie, neither player is entitled to score first.

T. H., Hartford, Conn.—The reply was correct. Alarm's mile record of 1:42¾ being the fastest on record. Henry Ferrin's 1:43 is not authenticated, and besides was made in a two mile heat.

DR. F. D. T., Atlanta, Ga.—You had better advertise the skeleton of the whale for sale in the CLIPPER. Every showman is sure to see it.

J. H. M.—Junius Brutus Booth died on the steamboat J. W. Chenoweth, of consumption of the bowels, on Nov. 30th, 1852, while en route from New Orleans, La., to Cincinnati, Ohio.

JAMES FRANCIS, Boston.—A deposit is requisite to insure the insertion of your challenge.

W. M., Wilmington, Del.—Little Nell was born in San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 19th, 1867.

R. H. M., Philadelphia.—We are will supplied, and must decline your contribution.

CLARUS DE H.—We have a dozen articles similar to yours, all of which we are constrained to omit.

C. E. S., Buffalo.—The fastest time from New York to Queenstown is 7 days, 20 hours and 24 minutes, by the City of Brussels.

OCCIDENTAL, Baltimore.—The first fight between Billy Edwards and the party mentioned took place Aug. 24th, 1868.

READER, Baltimore.—Apply at the adjutant general's office, Washington, D. C.

KNOXVIL.—Measure the actual distance that a solid stream is thrown.

TOM AND GEO., Dayton, O.—B goes out first with his high, Jack, which takes precedence of low, game.

R. L.—If having access to the books of that paper we cannot tell what her salary a correspondent gets.

R. L., Toronto.—You should have sent a deposit with your challenge to convince the "other fellers" you mean business.

HAL T., Harrisburg, Pa.—They are not quite up to the mark for our readers.

R. S. G., Boston.—Thank you. Do you know the year in which the performance took place?

L. S. F., Philadelphia.—If, in the throw off between B and E, who had tied on 41, B wins, then John wins the $5 of Joseph.

W. P. R., Emporium, Pa.—We thank you for the contribution, but would decline its publication.

HAZEL EYE.—W. H. Bernard, formerly of the San Francisco Minstrels, is living in retirement in this city.

SPORTER, Newark.—Dudley Kavanagh is, we believe, in his thirty-seventh year.

TOM AND JERRY.—You can procure tickets for the Elks' ball from Col. T. A. Brown, No. 9 West Fourth street.

HAWKEYE, Afton, Ia.—For minstrel plays send to Ed. James, as per his advertisement.

L. B., Mendota, Ill.—We have had no intelligence of the lady for some weeks.

A. G., Washington, D. C.—Thanks for your offer, but some months since we promised another gentleman the position when it should become vacant.

FOXEY, Philadelphia.—As you have forgotten to state on what day the bet was made, or the pardon granted, we cannot decide.

YELLOWSTONE, Cincinnati.—1. Was in his fight with Morrissey that Heenan struck a stake with his fist. 2. No.

MICKEY FREE, Halifax, N. S.—Address a letter to the secretary of the club, in our care.

P. G., Chicago.—As there was no third candidate in the field, J. V. D. loses the $20.

J. A. S., Fall River, Mass.—The cards being played, 3, 5, 6, 6, 4 and A, A is entitled to a point for the deuce.

F. A. T., Boston.—B must refund the money, $40, which was won by A. He has no claim whatever to it.

PHILADELPHIA.—If A makes the two points he says he can for the pitch, he goes out with his hand before C, who holds low.

CONSTANT READER.—*S*, who bet that neither of the parties won, loses.

C. B. C., Kenton, O.—Yes, on Dec. 21st; we cannot keep the addresses of letters sent from this office.

AMASON, Weymouth, Mass.—We have no record of the height and average weight of the late Edwin Forrest.

CONSTANT READER, Memphis, Tenn.—Barney Bigin was born on Sept. 6th, 1841; John, Jan. 30th, 1844.

A. B., Boston, Mass.—Donnelly was seconded by Tom Belcher and Jack Randall; Oliver by Tom Cribb and Tom Shelton.

DAUNTLESS.—Will endeavor to answer your question in our next.

INQUIRER, Hazleton, Pa.—Campbell won that fight, according to the referee's decision, and the highest-waisted females in the world.

Y. H. C., Springfield, O.—The article was evidently written as an advertising "dodge."

STUDENT, Philadelphia.—We do not know the birth-place of James G. Blaine.

SUBSCRIBER, Washington, D. C.—We do not know anything of the lottery, further than that it is advertised in the paper.

KIT.—For one month $3 50, and $4.89 for eight insertions in a space of four lines, cash in advance.

CH. S., Fort Wayne, Mich.—At piquet, the player can discard an ace, if he thinks proper.

CLIPPER.—Neither the silver pheasant nor the English pheasant will stand the test of steel. 2. He is perfectly reliable.

BOB F., Louisville.—At euchre, the best euchre card deals, and Jack is high.

JOHN SMITH, Chicago.—Dexter's fastest trotting record for one mile is 2.17¾, made at Buffalo.

BURLINGTON.—W, having failed to beat H's throw of 18, and only tied it, loses the wager.

JOHN SHUTTLER.—The paid fire department went into operation in this city on the 1st day of August, 1855.

JAKE THE TINKER.—They can only be obtained by advertising for them, as each report, when sold for himself, that there is not a house of prostitution in his precinct!

—An Arab surgeon has received a gift of $5,000, and been raised to the rank of pasha, for curing the mother of the khedive of Egypt of a grave malady.

—She was baptized as Sophia Barney, and she took the prize at an Alabama fair as the girl who would make the best wife for a poor man, the judges find out!

—The census conveys the gratifying assurance that New Zealand is not in a starving condition. There are just eleven hundred and four more pigs there than men.

—It is proposed to convert the island of Mackinaw into a national park. The Yosemite Valley would be quite as accessible and more picturesque.

—Mr. Darwin evidently believes in subtraction as an ultimate means of multiplication, for he has made two *one* almost every day since he came into office. No cake.

—Charles Reade is charged, as to his latest novel, "The Wandering Heir," with plagiarism—merely repeating in prose what Swift told in verse in his "Journal of a Modern Lady."

—Philadelphia has fined John Murphy fifteen dollars for cruelty to animals. Maybe Murphy did not mean it for a "Kilkenny cat."

—A lad, while chasing a squirrel up a Missouri tree, dropped paddock in consequence of a blind ball sped by a hunter who had mistaken him for a turkey.

—A candid Pennsylvania editor describes his paper as "an airy old sheet, devoted to wind, whiskey, wickedness, and other relig ous publications."

—A man in Reading, Pa., is asked at law to give up no less than $43,000 for simply changing his mind in a matrimonial question.

—Healthy lambs are in demand in Naples, where a doctor cures debility by injecting the blood of lambkins into patients. Ewes are not in request.

—The Indian drivers of Chicago are both fast and fashionable. Several of their number have had their licenses revoked for racing on Wabash avenue.

—Lasting $400 bail, Alex. Quinn languishes in a Chicago jail for the crime of wandering about with a piece of John Sheahan's under-lip in his mouth.

—Edward Shutt, noted burglar, on the 5th crossed Lake Champlain twice on ice only two inches thick, in a fruitless effort to escape detectives.

—No one is admitted into respectable society in Minnesota unless his nose and ears have been frozen off. Accordingly, these members are to be seen in that state on every street.

—An Indiana man has named his children respectively Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The latter is of course the smallest of the family.

—Mr. Charles E. Smith, of Pittsburgh, Pa., fractured a damsel's heart. The jury thought that $10,000 would patch it up, and it is patched.

—Large quantities of Kentucky whiskey, frozen in blocks, are being shipped as medicinal ice for summer use.

—Australia offers $25,000 for a paying gold field within 80 miles of any port.

—As a fit supplement to the epizootic, a sausage weighing two tons had been built in Manheim, Pa.

—A nugget of gold, weighing 151 grammes, was recently found by a London butcher in a California ham.

—Oysters' beds at Cheethorpes, Eng., were stocked with 1,000,000 (850 barrels) American bivalves.

—Humboldt, Kansas, reels a damsel who nourishes nine feet of hair. It is on her head, of course.

—A thirty-year-old woman in Hartford has applied for some life-insurance. She has thus far had nineteen children.

—On the 4th a Memphis belle took to Judaism, in order that she might next day take to a Mr. Henry Mitchell as a husband.

—Morning prayers are to be abolished at Harvard University, possibly to the better development of nocturnal "Old Sledge."

—A huge cattle-fish, having arms twenty-five feet long, has been captured off Newfoundland. But it has not yet been landed.

—Having enriched San Francisco by 1 903 in fines, "Jew Fannie" has begun another "drunk" to make it an even thousand.

—The diamond district in South Africa has a newspaper. Subscription, $60 per annum.

—Consumption of opium in this country has increased the past year at the rate of 1,000,000 ounces per month.

—The Bertha Paris, has a New American Club, starting with thirty-five members on board.

—Black bears are at a discount in Wisconsin. Nervy women belt blazes out of them with umbrellas.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION IN PORKOPOLIS.—On the 9th inst. the pupils of the Cincinnati, O., gymnasium gave a public entertainment which was largely attended. After a creditable exhibition of athletic skill the prizes were awarded as follows by Mr. A. W. Whelpley, aided by the judges, Messrs. L. Norton, J. A. Towsley and R. A. Charles:—The first prize, for tumbling and leaping, was awarded to Geo. Heubschaer; second, for exercising on the horizontal bars, Harry Vaughn; the third prize was contested by Messrs. Pape, J. Crowley and Peter G. Thompson, and after a trial, which brought out the capabilities of the three, it was found impossible to determine as to which the prize should be given when it was decided that lots should be drawn, Thompson receiving the latter honor. In general gymnastics, H. E. Keeley carried off the fourth prize. Much interest was manifested in the contest for the fifth prize between Masters Hicks and W. H. Garrett, juvenile gymnasts, the prize finally being given to Master Garrett.

THE NEW JERSEY Sportsmen's Club left Jersey City on the 11th for a three weeks' shooting excursion on the shores of Chesapeake Bay.

MIDDLESEX (N. J.) farmers are to hold a poultry exhibition in New Brunswick, the second week in Fe

SHALL WE HAVE $5,000 WORTH?

Relative to a match at billiards for $2,500 a side, Messrs. Joseph Dion and Francois Ubassey have for some time been exchanging the politest of platitudes, the most courteous expressions of conflicting predilections. Hence the conundrum. Ever since elephants' tusks first began to swell up to the exigencies of the billiard-ball trade there have been but two matches comprehending a stake of such magnitude as has been pitched upon to give *eclat* to the correspondence now railroaded and next flashed between York and Orleans, severally prefixed New; and it may be suggestively added, before dismissing the financial aspect of the project, that in but one of these matches did the players press their rivalry to the arbitrament of blows. The *cognoscenti*—let not the origin of the word suggest those fresher Italians, shivering and miserable-looking, into whose greasy hats pitying church people have of late Sundays dropped coin, since the *cognoscenti* of our meaning are people who

"Talk as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs"—

are just ghastly in their craving for a $5,000 match, but express themselves as apprehensive that, owing to the scarcity of billiard tables in America, this one will be played altogether by mail and telegraph. Ubassey, who states that he will go anywhere to play the second, third and fourth games of the series, desires as a reciprocal concession to play the first in New Orleans, where he is endeavoring to master the English tongue. Dion, who prefers three games, wants to play all of them in Brooklyn. Such is the match as thus far played by mail and telegraph. As it stands, it is a game of uneven innings, with Dion due. One thing is certain. The Frenchman, of whose skill thousands of Americans returned from Paris speak glowingly, is thoroughly in earnest; and it is the CLIPPER'S privilege to add, upon the authority of a Crescent City correspondent, that should this $5,000 match prove "not for Joseph," Ubassey will come out boldly in the spring and challenge all the "cracks" of the metropolis, from Albert Garnier to Maurice Daly, and not excepting Cyrille Dion. "The ides of March remember!"

THE END.

THE EX-EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, who, for twenty years, was the sphinx of European politics, died in exile at Chiselhurst, Eng., on Jan. 9th, and now, provided the ultra-montane Catholic party do not gain the ascendency, the republic is likely to be firmly established in France. Seizing the government by force on the 3d of December, 1851, he surrounded himself with bold and able counsellors, and successfully ruled the nation, establishing law and order, and adding to its commercial prosperity, until, aspiring to control the destinies of other nations, he brought misery upon France and fell. The most disinterested act of his reign was, probably, the emancipation of Italy from Austrian control, and the most execrable the *coup d'etat* which raised him to power, and the blood of the murdered deputy, Charles Baudin, ever cried for vengeance at the hands of republicans. The people of France owe him a debt of gratitude for much that he has done and abstained from doing, and his errors will serve as a warning to them in the future.

THE VARIETY ELEMENT has become one of the most attractive features of theatrical amusements, scarcely any city or town of any importance being without a variety entertainment. In fact, what are termed legitimate theatres find it necessary to infuse considerable variety business into their legitimate plays to make them attractive and profitable. Performers who formerly did "their level best" in the interests of regular managers, without getting opportunity to rise in their profession, now discover in the variety theatre the channel through which they may reach the object of their desires, the manager kindly offering every opportunity for their advancement, while the public are equally liberal in their encouragement. A number of stock actors who, while in the legitimate field, worked hard and long to achieve a name and fame without success, owing to the drudgery they were compelled to perform, have, since they entered the variety theatres, achieved a financial as well as an artistic success, and are now traveling through the country, earning more money in one night than they formerly received for an entire week's services at the regular theatres. In the variety theatre there is opportunity offered for promotion; on the legitimate boards there is but little chance to rise, the manager, in many cases, being unwilling to admit merit in any of his people, save some female favorite whose face and shape are all potent in his eyes. The variety stage is extending in popularity; and if the legitimate is not wide awake, it will be totally eclipsed by the new element.

SQUIBS AND THINGS.

—"A man named Pope asked a western hotel-keeper what time it was. Being told it was eleven o'clock, he deliberately shot himself through the head." Then our exchanges. That hotel-keeper has much to answer for in not having told a lie as to the time.

—The physicians who conducted the *post mortem* have come to the conclusion that the ex emperor Napoleon was at no time in his death as in his life—in other words, that "the immediate cause of death was failure of the action of the heart!" We always thought it was the end-of-the-way death.

—Awa, the favorite beverage of the Sandwich Islanders, is said to be so terrific in its strength that were whiskey in existence in the islands it would be unsafe to allow a man to have it. If burns a man's throat in the act, that are so tough a dog might bark at it and he would not know of it until he read about it in the papers.

—A young man in Indianapolis wishing to cure himself of smoking, drank the strongest decoction of tobacco he could get, with faith like unto a cigar. On the first day he drank three gallons of water, and on the next none. His relatives were liberal in respect of the funeral arrangements.

—A woman in male attire was arrested in Knoxville the other night. Her excuse was that, being in search of her husband, she reasoned that certain doors would open quicker to pantaloons than petticoats.

—The family of a murdered man in Illinois have brought a double suit—first against the barkeeper who sold "groceries" to the dead man, and next against the barkeeper who supplied the murderer with pen, ink and paper.

—John De Long's colored sailors' dance-house in Baxter street has been converted into a place for orisons. Instead of "Baxter on Prayer," it is now prayer in Baxter Wednesday afternoons and Saturday nights, regularly.

—Postal cards are being condemned in England as vehicles of slander and implements of blackmail. Just fancy vengeful Brown, signing himself Smith, and mentally addressing a card to Smith conveying the information. In brief, that Smith's mother was not Smith's father's wife.

—A Kansas man indited a note of invitation to his neighbor's wife. The husband got it instead. In proof that Benedict kept the appointment, Don Juan's cold body is advertised as a lead mine.

—Susan B. Anthony is on the list to undergo martyrdom in a criminal trial for having omitted the precaution of pulling on pantaloons, and parting her hair on one side, before voting at the last election.

—The long-mooted question of diplomatic etiquette in China has at last been settled. The emperor will receive the foreign representatives "by moonlight alone," the first time that Luna, no doubt, will be found wandering about with a piece of John Sheahan's under-lip in his mouth.

—Edward Shutt, noted burglar, on the 5th crossed Lake Champlain twice on ice only two inches thick, in a fruitless effort to escape detectives.

—John Harrington, who shot Julia Smith, his mistress, received on the 9th ten years from Sutherland, the new city judge.

—Drakeford Brothers, London silk merchants, have suspended. Liabilities, $500,000.

—The Pennsylvania house has passed a bill increasing the governor's salary to $9,000.

—The Chinamen employed at Beaver Falls (Pa.) Cutlery have struck for seventy-five cents a day.

—A motion is before congress to admit both Colorado and Utah as states.

—The committee on ways and means contemplate a further reduction in taxation.

—Congress contemplates a general overhauling of the affairs of the Union Pacific R. R.

—The committee on post offices are making unusual efforts towards abolishment of the franking privilege.

—Mrs. Ellen C. Wharton is again on trial in Maryland—this time for attempting to poison Eugene Van Ness.

—The disabled steamer Costa Rica has turned up safe, with all well on board.

—Illinois has nominated to the senate its governor elect, B. J. Oglesby.

—The schooner Congress foundered on the Texan coast. All hands but two supposed to be lost.

—It is cabled that creditors have proved claims against Bowles Brothers to extent of $30,000.

—Anselmo Vivate & Co., London merchants, have quit. Liabilities, $3,500,000.

—On the 10th a small boat containing two men, one frozen bolt upright in his seat, floated ice-bound past Columbus, Ky.

—Small-pox has broken out in the Kings county penitentiary.

—Three convicts, John Brady, George De Leon and Francis Wilson, escaped from Sing Sing on the 12th.

—The police of Jersey City raided the gambling saloons on the 12th.

—T. R. Johnson, on the 11th, convicted at New Haven for the murder of Mrs. Hess, his landlady, attempted suicide by stabbing.

—Manchester cotton-spinners are failing from pressure of liabilities.

—Trial of Tichborne claimant, for perjury, is set down for April 23d.

—Roll of metropolitan public schools, 236,167; actual attendance, 169,698.

—Two negroes, Burns and Dunstan, were hung in Georgia on the 10th for having ravished white females.

—Beasts with human faces so plied a Brooklyn boy with whiskey, on the 11th, that in two hours he was dead.

—Syracuse, N. Y., was at five o'clock on the morning of the 11th shocked from its propriety by the quiver of an earthquake.

—Monopolists have weakened on their proposed advances in the price of coal.

—At New Haven, on the 11th, Mrs Lydia Sherman was sentenced for life for having poisoned her last husband.

—Several persons have perished in the recent snowstorm in Minnesota.

RIVERSIDE BOAT CLUB.—This promising young boat club, of Cambridge, Mass., composed mostly of printers, at its annual meeting elected the following list of officers for the ensuing year:—President, John Curley; vice president, H. C. Davison; secretary, John F. Peavey; treasurer, T. A. Scott; board of trustees, T. A. Scott, J. H. Hackett, Jas. Brazel, John Flanigan and Philip Gallivan; janitor, J. H. Hackett. The club numbers twenty-five members and has four to make its ninth annual season.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

—At Derby, Eng., on the 8th, a mob attempted to break up a meeting being addressed by Sir Charles Dilke on the subject of "Land and People." The fighting lasted upwards of an hour, several persons being wounded, and many windows broken. The disorder and the wife were finally escorted to their hotel surrounded by friendly stones and bludgeons.

—Henry C. Bowen, of the *Independent* and the Brooklyn *Union*, has brought suit for libel against the Tribune associations, and also against Webster Reid, Thomas R. Rooker, Patrick O'Rorke, George Ripley and John Ray individually. Offence, publishing that Mr. Bowen was the real author of certain scandalous letters exhibited by Mrs. Morris Woodhull.

—The compositors of the country propose each to set up 1,000 ems on Feb. 24 next, the proceeds to go towards erecting in Greenwood a statue, cast from type metal that has been worn out in instructing the masses, to the late Horace Greeley. The time selected is the anniversary of the deceased's sixty-second birthday.

—Explosion of combustation fluid in Delaware Co., Penn., on the 8th, burned to death a Mrs. Carr and her three children. While the lady was filling an unlighted lamp, the heated room raised a vapor from the dangerous compound, which was ignited by the proximity of a lighted candle.

—James Conchlin, of Hoboken, cut his wife, as is alleged, to begin a paper waiving her right to joint property, on the plea that he was thus compelled to borrow $30,000 for present business needs. Mrs. Conchlin has married a Miss Orleans, and himself and his fortune of $75,000 are now held to answer for bigamy.

—Judge Durell, in court at New Orleans, on the 11th inst., was betrayed into excitement by the remarks of counsel engaged, and reported, among other things, of saying—"I am the vicegerent of Almighty God, sitting here to see justice done, and as his agent I intend to see justice done."

—Wm. H. Oakins, who was acquitted of murdering his wife, because he was insane, has been released from imprisonment in the Insane Asylum. Who's the next customer?

—Arizona advices of Jan. 4th to General Crook are to the effect that Major Brown's command had a five hours' fight with Apaches, capturing 30 and sending 87 in search of the twining wooden.

—Births in this city last week, 684; marriages, 211; deaths, 893; stillborn, 1,005; Jews, 72; on which a loss of $8,732, total reduction, 16,905; Hebrews married by rabbi, 15; by mile, 2; Dutch Thermometer, 16.

—Near Eulafa, Ala., on the 11th, a boiler on the steamer John St. Clair collapsed, scalding thirteen persons, of whom one was dead, one drowned, two mortally injured, and a fifth unaccounted for.

—An dentiscer on a western railroad, having run over and killed a Mr. Hittrich and his daughter, has been fined $20 and costs for manslaughter. Mrs. Hittrich, the bereaved, was cannot look upon this fine as exhorbitant under the circumstances.

—Pennsylvania, besides reducing taxation, has in ten years brought down her debt from $27,708,000 to $27,370,000. Governor Geary, in his message, recommends the repeal of taxation on loans and also on the capital stock and dividends of corporations.

—Stokes' counsel have cited a bill of twenty-eight exceptions to Judge Boardman's rulings, upon which they will move for a new trial. They will also make use of an alleged statement of one of the jurors:—"Stokes should be hanged, anyhow."

—Susan B. Anthony is on the 21st to undergo martyrdom in a criminal trial for having omitted the precaution of pulling on pantaloons, and parting her hair on one side, before voting at the last election.

—The Rochester (N. Y.) Union and Advertiser says:—"Governor Hoffman has issued a proclamation offering a reward of $100 for the arrest of Frank Burns, who escaped from the jail in this city. Burns is a mere boy, and was confined for stealing a pocket-book containing $2 50."

—A Bill has passed the senate, and probably will pass the house, providing for a continuous criminal term of the United States Circuit Court, so that persons unable to obtain bail may be kept in confinement until the next term.

—Abraham Stover, of Penobscot, Me., was on the 9th found lying dead between the bars of his sled. His horses were trotting briskly, having dragged him until his face had nearly worn away.

—Charles A. Russell, who is an intelligent man, and knows that hanging for murder is played out, is just now being put to the necessary trouble in San Francisco, of attending his own trial for killing James Crotty.

—The bill creating a national bureau of immigration has been defeated in the house. It was unjust to the Empire state, and to representatives, without distinction of party, voted solidly against it.

—Snow-bound trains on far western roads are so effectually covered as to leave nothing visible but the smoke-stack of the locomotive. The thermometer marks 25 degrees below, and snow plows are at a discount.

—It is feared that two of the three persons reported as found frozen in the woods near Memphis are Major J. E. Foley, son of ex-Mayor Foley, and Mr. Barnes, a brother-in-law, both of Covington, Ky., who were out hunting.

—At Cumberland, Md., on the 10th, a negro named William Craig was hung for rape, his victim being an aged lady named Mrs. Dayton.

—Union Block, Concord, N. H., burnt on the 10th—loss $80,000; and the Springfield, Ill., Hotel damaged by fire to extent of $30,000, same date.

—The night-express from New York to Washington was thrown from the track on the 10th—a narrow escape from a terrible disaster.

—An aged couple in Iowa have been imprisoned for one year. Brother and sister, the wife lights of time had caused them unconsciously to commit.

—A bill is before the legislature for a four-track rapid transit railroad from the Battery to Harlem river. Impoverished Gotham to foot the bill, estimated at $30,000,000.

—Truthful George, of Washington, and G. W. Watson, and as to whom the jury stood ten for acquittal and two for conviction, is to be tried again on the 20th inst.

—The N. Y. Athletic Club has joined with the Caledonia Club in memorializing the commissioners to set apart a portion of the Central Park for athletic exercises for young men.

—Near Washington, on the 8th, Edward Farron, an old soldier, fell from a train while intoxicated, and had his left arm nearly being completely severed, and his death ensuing in a few hours.

—Elias Hanshtaling has been arrested in Coeymans, N. Y., on suspicion of having poisoned tea and sugar which he kindly presented to Mrs. Hanshtaling and Hannah Hanshtaling.

—The ex-Emperor Napoleon failed to rally from the shock of a surgical operation on the bladder, and his death occurred on the 9th inst.

—The United States government has brought suit against Phelps, Dodge & Co., for the recovery of $1,800,000, due because of alleged false invoices of imported goods.

—The sanitary state of the public schools in this city have been condemned by a commission as being mere child-traps in the event of fire, and eight more as being too dilapidated for safety.

—A. T. Stewart's new railroad from Long Island City to Hempstead, 24 miles, was opened to the public on the 7th inst. Six trains daily. Distance, 30 miles; time, 45 minutes.

—Henry Porter Tennison, accused of bigamy in Poughkeepsie, has mixed his wife's father for $10,000 worth of defamation of character.

—The crew of the wrecked ship Golden Head spent fifty-eight days in two open boats in the Straits of Magellan, and were compelled to plaster their mouths to deprive of the sense of hunger.

—The Rev. W. C. Clark is on trial before a council of the methodist episcopal church, charged with gross immorality in criminal intercourse.

—The Swiss federal council threaten rigorous measures against the Canton of Villais, because Jesuit teachers have been introduced into the schools.

—The House of Representatives, opposed to increasing the president's salary to $50,000 per annum, has voted to throw the territorial governors an extra bone—$3,000 a year.

—The Indictment charges Stokes with the murder of Fisk "with malice aforethought, and premeditation, and deliberation."

—A motion is before congress to admit both Colorado and Utah as states.

—The committee on ways and means contemplate a further reduction in taxation.

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—Small-pox has broken out in the Kings county pen

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The National Association for the promotion of the interests of the American trotting turf will hold its annual meeting at Philadelphia on Feb. 7th.....The promising filly, Panegarium, by Planet, out of Mollie Hambleton, will be put into training again this spring. She won both her engagements at Lexington last season, and in each last time that her party were confident of carrying off the Dixie Stakes at Baltimore; their hopes, however, were blasted by the filly meeting with an accident some time before the race.....Mr. Woodbury Locke, of Portsmouth, N. H., has sold his famous trotting mare, Nellie Locke, 10 years old, to Mr. W. H. Ellis, of Newbury, Vt. She has a record of 2:31¼, made on the Mystic Park Course, Boston.....Lord Fortsmouth has announced his intention of returning to the turf, and has already his young horse in training. Huxtable has engaged to ride for the stable, which was once so formidable in Buccaneer's year that the horse was "got at" and dragged the day previous to the Derby race.....The famous French turfman, M. Jules Verry, one of the most prominent members of the Jockey Club, committed suicide recently, under dreadful circumstances. His late speculations on the turf had been unsuccessful and had encroached rapidly on his large fortune. His valet, hearing loud reports of a pistol, rushed into his master's room and found he had discharged the six barrels of his revolver at his heart.....The chestnut horse Mozart, 4 years old, by imported Australian, dam Aerolite, owned by Messrs. Bacon and Holland, has gone stone blind. He will be put to the stud in consequence.....John Mason, a colored man, for many years connected with the Lexington turf, and well known on the race courses of the eastern states, died recently, of consumption, at Lexington, Ky.....The English steeplechaser, Nero, 6 years old, by Defender, out of a Newminster mare, died recently of lockjaw.....The stallions at the extensive breeding establishment for racers of Stoney Ford, Orange Co., N. Y., for the present season will be Messenger Duroc, by Rysdick's Hambletonian; Bolton, Electioneer, Idol and Waverly, all by the same sire, and Abdallah Star, by American Star. The Messenger Duroc stock have been in great demand during the past year, owing to the wonderful performance of his son Prospero, who made the fastest mile on record, for a three year old, east of the Alleghanies.....A set of the best single harness is announced to be given to the horse making the best and fastest trotting record during the season of 1873, by the donors being Messrs. N. J. Demarest & Co., of Newark, N. J.....The noted trotting stallion, Cassius M. Clay, Jr., the sire of American Girl, is to be raffled of in Cincinnati for $4,000, at $30 a chance. He is 20 years old, in splendid condition, and able to trot below 2:40..... The chestnut gelding, Bob Shelton (own brother to Helmbold), by imp. Australian, dam Lavendar, died last week from the prevailing epidemic. He belonged to Major T. G. Bacon, of South Carolina.....The board of appeals of National Trotting Association were to have met on the 14th inst. at Providence, R. I., it being their regular semi-annual gathering for the transaction of business.....Flora Temple is again in foal to Lexington; her last foal was a fine filly by the same horse.....It is probable that the steeple chaser, Milesian, owned by Mr. Bannatyne, of Canada, will be sent to England to take part in the cross-country events there.

TROTTING MATCHES TO SLEIGHS ON HARLEM LANE.

The admirable condition of the roads for sleighing outside New York during the past week has produced an unusual animation and activity among horsemen, and numerous have been the trials of speed to sleighs that have been witnessed on Harlem lane, St. Nicholas and Central avenues. One in particular is deserving of record, it being a match for $1,000 and a champagne supper, between Col. Joseph Crocheron's bay mare Manhassett Maid, and the brown mare Lady Sutton, owned by a Brooklyn gentleman who is a connoisseur in fast trotting horses. The time named was Thursday morning, the 9th inst., and the course to be trotted from Harry Berthoff's Hotel to the Cayuga Hotel, kept by the veteran sport, Mark Maguire, and repeat. Colonel Joe was there with Manhassett Maid, and Frank Ferguson all ready to drive her. The Brooklyn man was present with Lady Sutton, and although a very heavy weight, intended driving himself, until John Crook, spanning accidentally (?) that way, was asked to handle the reins, and of course consented. The betting on the race was heavy, odds being laid on Manhassett Maid, and freely taken by the Brooklyn party. After a capital contest, Lady Sutton won handily in two heats, to the consternation of the losers' odds, who thought they had got the affair "dead." The entire party then adjourned to the Brower House, where a splendid entertainment was served up. Summary:—

HARLEM LANE, Thursday, Jan. 9th.—Trotting match, to sleighs, $500 a side, suppers and champagne from Berthoff's Hotel to Cayuga Hotel, and repeat.

J. Crook entered br m Lady Sutton.....1 1
F. Ferguson entered b m Manhassett Maid.....2 2
No time taken.

The same day another match for $500, mile heats to sleighs, between Peter Manee's gray mare, Miss Bailey, and Mr. Egberson's sorrel mare, Patchen Maid. Miss Bailey won the race easily in two straight heats. Summary:—

HARLEM LANE, Jan. 9th.—Match, $500, mile heats, to sleighs.
P. Manee entered gr m Miss Bailey.....1 1
Mr. Egberson entered b m Patchen Maid.....2 2
No time taken.

SLEIGHING MATCH FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—A trotting match to sleighs, for $1,000, added to a sealskin coat and cap, dash of one mile, came off on Tuesday, the 7th inst., on Central avenue. The contesting horses were Mr. Carman's sorrel stallion Jules Jurgensen, and Hon. Edmund E. Jones' bay mare Lady Cricket; the course from Harry Armitage hotel to Charles Heintzell's Central Avenue Hotel, being just a dash of one mile. There was a good deal of betting at even money previous to the start, and the hotels on the line of the course were crowded with sports. The judges were Dan Mace and Ex-Assemblyman James Irving. When the start was effected the stallion had the inside, but did not long retain it, as he broke soon after the send-off, and the mare took the pole and the lead. She held it gallantly until within a hundred yards of the start, when she broke up and crossed the score on a run, a length ahead of the stallion. The judges, after some consultation, decided it a dead heat, and, as it was a single dash, that it be trotted over again. In the second trial Jules Jurgensen, who had the inside, trotted steadily throughout without making a single break, and crossed the score an easy winner by four lengths, the mare behaving badly the entire distance. No time was taken.

CENTRAL AVENUE, N. Y.—TROTTING.—Jan. 7th, match for $1,000 and a sealskin coat and cap; mile dash, to sleighs.
Mr. Carman entered s s Jules Jurgensen.....0 1
Mr. E. E. Jones entered b m Lady Cricket.....0 2
No time taken.

HANDBOOK OF THE TREATMENT OF THE HORSE, OR HINTS TO HORSE OWNERS.—This unpretending little work, by Charles Wharton, published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, is invaluable to every one who possesses a horse. It treats of the management of the ills of that animal in the stable and on the road; gives valuable advice on his purchase; care and treatment in the stable; driving and riding, and the various diseases to which he is subject. Written in clear and simple language, it contains a greater mass of information, pleasantly conveyed, than more pretentious treatises, and we cordially recommend it to our readers who are interested in man's most useful friend—the horse.

A VETERAN TURFMAN GONE.—We regret to announce the death of Dr. George Gordon, veterinary surgeon of this city, who died on the 6th inst., in his 71st year. The deceased was one of the oldest patrons of the trotting turf in New York, and his face and figure were familiar to race-goers for upwards of half a century. He ranked high as a skilful veterinary practitioner, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

ANOTHER TURFMAN GONE.—Mr. Albert P. Morrison, for several years one of the lessees of the Mystic Riding Park at Medford, Mass., in partnership with Frank Doe, died on the 3d inst., after a lingering illness. For eighteen months past he had been suffering from softening of the brain and paralysis, and gradually sank into the grave. He was a very active and energetic man before his illness, and had many friends.

THE RING.

CHAMBERS vs. SEDDONS.

For some time past George Seddons and Arthur Chambers have been at dagger's points, as it were, and when two such men fall out a resort to nature's weapons is ever probable. This case furnishes no exception to the rule, for on Saturday afternoon, 11th inst., after the match between Chambers and Edwards had been declared off, Arthur submitted the following for George's early consideration, backing it up with the one hundred dollars originally left as a deposit for the match with Billy. As will be observed, he claims that Seddons has challenged him, which, by the way, the latter denies, though expressing a perfect willingness to give Arthur a benefit of his unloved mutton. A match is almost certain to result from this, and our readers may expect a notice of the clinching of the argument in our next issue:—

DEAR SIR.—George Seddons, having directly challenged me, through the daily press of this city, and subsequently stated through the proper medium his desire for a meeting in the ring with me, I hereby offer to give him all the fight he wants, in accordance with the terms of his published challenge, the amount of stakes to be $1,000 a side, and the weight 118 lbs., or such other figures as Seddons may prefer. My match with Edwards having fallen through (declining to take forfeit), I am now at liberty to close with him, and the sooner a match is made the better I shall like it. Let him cover the $100 left in support of this challenge, and appoint an early meeting to sign articles.

Respectfully, ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

HICKEN VS. CAMPBELL.—Harry Hicken's benefit at Hill's Variety Theatre, this city, on the afternoon of Jan. 9th, was largely attended, and the occasion was one of jollity and productive of much sport of a flatic nature, seasoned with other amusements of an entertaining character. The chief set-to of the day was that between the beneficiary and Pete Croker, which was first-rate, though science preponderated in favor of Harry, albeit he was antagonist in the heavier and more powerful man. Croker forfeited judgment and got repeated slaughter, next to this was the meet between Steve Taylor, the skilful Jerseyman, and "Arthur Chambers' Big Un." This was a slogging, as well as scientific encounter, in which both stood up to the pegs and received their share of punishment without grumbling, though the new-comer wasn't quite up to Steve's mark. The other setto to were between Abe Smith and Billy Madden, which was neat and enjoyable; Clark's novice and Hill's Rosch, and a couple of others unknown to fame. The company regularly engaged also appeared in an attractive *medley* of singing, dancing, double sticks, negro minstrelsy, etc. Harry Hill was present, and had all went on properly and harmoniously, as usual. Hicken left next day for Philadelphia, accompanied by his trainer, Abe Smith. They will shortly locate at a suitable spot, a few miles from the City of Quakers, there to prepare for the gladiatorial combat with Bryan Campbell, for two thousand dollars. The latter is now keeping a saloon on the corner of Raymond and Lafayette streets, Brooklyn, L. I., where he will do his training.

CHAMBERS VS. EDWARDS.—As had been anticipated from the aspect of things, the match between Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers has gone by the board. The second deposit, of $900 from Edwards and $400 from Chambers, was to have been planked on Saturday, 11th inst., at which time Arthur was on hand, while Billy was three thousand miles away, and unable to make connection. Chambers did not stake (as some thought he would have done, with a view to claiming forfeit), as he would permit the match to fall through for the sake of getting on with Seddons, who is a more suitable match for him. He wishes us to say, however, that he is able to find the requisite amount of funds, as he now has the same friends and backers as he had before he met George, and that they are just as ready to put up for him, as time will show. It is evident that somebody has played fast and loose with one of the principals in the broken-off match.

MIKE NOONAN, the Brooklyn light weight, is advertised to take a benefit at Conkley's Hall, 163 Pacific street, in that burgh, on Thursday evening, Jan. 16th, when he will be assisted by a number of brother pugs, and wind-up with a well known and clever glove practitioner.

TEN-PINS, BILLIARDS, SHUFFLE-BOARD and trigger practice can be enjoyed by the lovers thereof at the hand-somely fitted up and well-conducted saloon of D. C. Perkins (formerly Perry's), 656 Broadway, which is also well stocked with liquors, ales, cigars, etc.

WM. E. HARDING is to be the recipient of a benefit at Harry Hill's Variaties on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 16th, when he offers a silver cup to be sparred for by light weights, and some good men are announced to compete therefor.

BILLY Edwards has, we learn, remained at Manchester, Eng., since his split with Mace, Aaron and Tracy, and has found the trip to the land of his birth anything but profitable. His friends will regret to learn that such is the case.

WM. VARLEY, Tom Draper, Johnny Lazarus and Joe Wilson accompanied Arthur Chambers when he submitted his challenge to Seddons for publication on the 11th inst.

THE MONUMENT to Nat. Langham has been fixed in its place in Brompton Cemetery, London, Eng.

TOM HUGHES, who was recently stabbed in Pittsburgh, has almost entirely recovered from the effects of the wound.

WE HAVE A LETTER for John C. Heenan.

BASE BALL.

THE TROY NINE.

Mr. Pearson sends us the following statistics of the play of the Troy nine for 1872.

AVERAGES OF THE TROY CLUB FOR 1872.

Players.	Y'es at B.	1st B.H.	Av.	Players.	Y'es at B.	1st B.H.	Av.
Gedney	45	30	.428	Allison	115	34	.304
Pierce	113	48	.427	Pettein	113	39	.347
Bellan	110	45	.409	McAtee	128	30	.234
Nelson	20	7	.350	Wood	115	37	.321
S. King	120	42	.350	Hodes	62	14	.189
Martin	117	41	.350	H. King	15	0	.000

NOTES AND GOSSIP.—Murnan, of the Mansfield nine, and young Manning, of the Boston juniors, have been engaged by Harry Wright to fill the places of O'Neill and Rogers. All the others of the nine are re-engaged, and will play in their regular positions, Jim White being the new catcher.....The Atlantic Club will elect officers for 1873 on Tuesday, Jan. 14th. Their new nine will include Barlow, Britt, Dehlman, Burdock, Fearce and Ferguson in the in-field, and Booth, Remsen and Martin in the out-field, with Boyd and Chapman as alternates. This is a very strong team. Barlow is just the man to support Martin for change pitcher. The Atlantics ought to hurry the best of them at the center meeting with this team.....There will be no amateur conventions this year, the class of the fraternity being satisfied with the rules as they now read. The professionals will probably meet to form a new championship code, and that is all that is likely to be done. The professional association has ceased to have any influence as an authority at large, from the feet of its being worked without any written constitution. Until it is run

and put the *cortege* in motion, consisting of upward 1,000 persons, with 200 torches, thirteen operative societies' flags, and other representative emblems, stretched out to nearly a mile's length. When the procession reached the cemetery, and the corpses were consigned to [illegible]

CURLING.—The annual match for the Dalrymple medal, in which the players of the north of Scotland are pitted against those hailing from the South, came off at the Central Park Pond on Jan. 7th, and was signalized by great brilliancy of play. Thirteen rinks were marked out on the ice, the clubs of this city, Brooklyn, Yonkers, and different parts of New Jersey participating. The South won by a score of 343 to 341.....On the 9th inst., the annual contest between the Burns and New York Clubs took place at Central Park, two rinks on a side, the New Yorkers scoring 41 to 34. On the same day the New York Club polished off the Paterson by a score of 126 to 71, four rinks, and the Burns defeated the Caledonians, of Brooklyn, the figures being 54 to 23, two rinks.....In a match between the New York Caledonians and the Jersey City Club, played at Jersey City on the 8th inst., four rinks, the first-named scored 106 to 80.....The St. Andrews Club encountered the Yonkers, at Yonkers, N. Y., in their annual match for the Royal Caledonian medal, on Jan. 10th, three rinks being played, and the former scoring 51 to 48.

AMUSEMENTS.

RECONSTRUCTED!!!

ATTRACTIVE CUTS.
THE REALISTIC DRAMA,

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Or,
BEFORE THE AMENDMENTS.

With the celebrated character actor and dancer,
MR. J. H. O'NEIL,
In the great title role, introducing his original
QUINTESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINIA,
And the versatile child actress (under six years),
LITTLE DELMAR.
With Jig and Song and Dance specialties, as YOUNG JOE!
43-1t Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
MR. E. G. BERT.....Proprietor and Manager
After a most successful season of fourteen months, during which some of the best male and female stars of the United States have played most brilliant engagements, the management is prepared to negotiate for new talent for the
GRAND REGULAR DRAMATIC SEASON,
COMMENCING ON MONDAY, NOV. 11th, 1872.
First-class talent (only), stock and star, will be treated with.
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TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
As the time is fast approaching for circus managers, directors of concerts and side shows to secure talent for the hunting season of 1873-74, I would state that I am prepared to negotiate for first-class talent of every description, including equestrian directors, ring masters, clowns, gymnasts, acrobats, male and female equestrians, bone ostlers, canvasmen, luggage van drivers, transparent advertising agents, layers out, leaders of orchestra, heads "brigades," &c.; also negro performers and ladies for the side show. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 43-1t

ACADEMY MUSIC,
PITTSBURGH, Pa.
The above beautifully fitted up theatre can be rented through the undersigned for the single night or week, and combinations of all kinds arranged with upon reasonable terms.
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Or, COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.
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THE ROWLAND BROTHERS
can be secured for the
TENTING SEASON
for the
HORIZONTAL BAR,
introducing
Double Giant Swing and Flying Somersaults; Balancing Trapeze, introducing the Ladder, Chair (new), Tumbling. Have new and beautiful wardrobe. Address
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VERSATILE
EUGENE BLITZ,
"THE MAN OF MANY FACES," and HUMOROUS CHARACTER ARTIST; also his comical
PUNCH AND JUDY MIDGETS,
has open dates after Feb. 24th, either to locate or travel. Address
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MISS LAURA KEENE
AND STRONG DRAMATIC COMPANY
will commence spring season on or about Feb. 10th.
POWERFUL NEW PLAYS,
THE LELIA SCAWN,
a thrilling five act Irish drama,
ONLY A DRINK AND WHAT IT LED TO,
five act New York society play.
THE HORSE OF KING FORK,
a beautiful Robertsonian comedy.
Also,
TWO LIVES OF MARY LEIGH,
written expressly for
MISS KEENE BY DION BOUCICAULT.
THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN COUSIN
by Tom Taylor, unaltered and unabridged.
WORKING MEN OF NEW YORK.
SEA OF ICE.
SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
First-class theatres and opera houses only.
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Literary and C. V. M. Associations desiring the costume recitals, rendered so popular by Miss Laura Keene, Mlle Clara Stella, Signor G. Morosini and Mr. C. Alterton, for the few last nights of courses ending Feb. 6th, apply as above, or for the New England States to
REDPATH & FAHS,
Boston Tremont Temple, Boston.

IN THE TOILS.
A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.
BY
FRED. MARSDEN.
Being the same piece recently played by Miss Leona Cavander, under the title of "Jacquette; Or, In the Toils."
TO MANAGERS.
W. A. Delong, in the New York Mercury of the 25th inst., declares that he has copyrighted his play, entitled "Jacquette; or, In the Toils." My answer is briefly this:—I am prepared to prove:—1st. That I wrote the play years ago and copyrighted it under the title of "In the Toils." 2d. That this W. A. Delong entered into a written agreement with me to pay a certain nightly royalty for the privilege of playing said piece. 3d. That he received from me a copy of the MSS. 4th. That he produced it with Miss Cavander for the first time at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 29th, 1871. 5th. That he continued playing it through the country, but did not continue paying for it. 6th. That he now owes me a sum of money accruing under said contract. 7th. That he has violated certain conditions of his contract, in consequence of which he loses all his rights to the play. 8th. That I am prepared to test the matter in the courts as soon as it is possible to find this Mr. Delong, and serve him with a summons. And finally, I am now prepared to negotiate with stars for the production of the above play and warrant them in their title. (43-1t*) FRED. MARSDEN.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
Geo. E. Levantine,
for six years with the New York Circus, can be engaged by responsible managers for the traveling season of 1873 for his Specialties:—
PYRAMID OF CHAIRS,
HORIZONTAL BAR,
CRYSTAL PYRAMIDS,
combined with
CHINESE JUGGLING,
and his Challenge Act,
MAGIC BARREL,
acknowledged by all as the
BEST IN THE WORLD.
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people in any and every line of the profession. Engagements always open for good performers. Lady variety performers especially wanted. Ladies and gentlemen without experience desirous of adopting the stage as a profession, can meet with favorable opportunities upon application to us. Two young ladies who can sing wanted immediately. All letters must enclose P. O. stamp for reply. DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents,
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SUSAN GALTON,
at
COL. WOOD'S MUSEUM,
PHILADELPHIA,
as
"MAGGIE LLOYD,"
in
CHAS. MORTON'S
GREAT TEMPERANCE DRAMA,
"THREE YEARS IN A MAN TRAP."
THE EVENING ITEM, JAN. 8th, SAYS:—
SUSAN GALTON.—"Three Years in a Man Trap," the temperance play now running to crowded houses at Colonel Wood's Museum, contains one particularly affecting scene, where the fair young girl is dying, out in the snow. This scene is enacted with consummate power and effect by Miss Susan Galton, who is conceded to be one of the most charming little actresses who has ever appeared in this city.

THE CITY ITEM, JAN. 9th, SAYS:—
In this scene Miss Galton is particularly effective, and she has seldom acted anything more naturally or impressively. Miss Galton is a great favorite at the Museum. 43-1t*

G. W. JESTER,
In answer to many kind inquiries, is slowly but surely recovering his health and voice, of which he has been bereaved during the last five weeks, compelling him to cancel his splendid Christmas engagements pro tem. Address, 75 Third avenue,
New York City.
N. B.
VENTRILOQUISM
AND
THE ART OF IMITATION.
Under the above title will shortly be published a little work written by G. W. JESTER (entered according to act of congress), and which, besides instruction, will contain many episodes incidental to his eventful life. 43-1t*

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FOR SALE. THE HORSE GUADALOOPE.
Represents the ox and the buffalo. Has the shortest neck, and one of the greatest canine curiosities of the age. Also a Canvas and Two Paintings. For price and particulars apply to
E. D. COLVIN,
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TENOR BALLADIST, ELECTRIC CHANGE, SERIO COMIC and CHARACTER SINGER, would like an engagement with a solid party. Can also be engaged for TENTING SEASON. Direct
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SENOR MONTE VERDE,
CONTORTIONIST,
CAN BE ENGAGED
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VARIETY MANAGERS
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LOONEY'S NEW VARIETIES,
ST. LOUIS, Mo. Closed on Sunday night, Jan. 12th for three weeks, reopening on the 2d, remodeled and reconstructed. First-class variety talent, in all branches of the business, are respectfully requested to apply for openings to
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TONY PASTOR'S
TRAVELING COMPANY
WILL START
ON THEIR THIRD ANNUAL TOUR,
MONDAY, APRIL 7th, 1873.
MISS ELLA WESNER,
NOW ON HER EUROPEAN TOUR, WILL RETURN TO AMERICA, AND TRAVEL WITH
PASTOR'S TROUPE.
MISS JENNIE ENGEL,
THE QUEEN OF SERIO-COMIC SINGERS,
THE BEAUTIFUL AND DASHING
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THE SENSATIONAL DOUBLE CHARACTER ARTISTS,
THE LIVELY AND EXQUISITE JIG AND CLOG DANSEUSE AND DUTCH CHARACTER ARTISTE,
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THE CHAMPION SONG AND DANCE MEN OF THE WORLD.
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THE AMERICAN STAR COMIQUE AND DUTCH COMEDIAN,
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THE TALENTED VOCALIST, DANCER AND DUTCH DELINEATOR,
GEORGE F. MOORE,
ARE ENGAGED.
FOR LIST OF OTHER ARTISTS SEE FUTURE ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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THE EDUCATED PIG,
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Well broke and in good order. Price, $300. Address,
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PANTOMIME TROUPE
CAN BE ADDRESSED 136 EAST TWELFTH STREET, THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK. 42-1t*

HARRY WELBY COOKE,
CHAMPION EQUESTRIAN JUGGLER OF THE WORLD,
is at liberty
FOR THE COMING SEASON.
Also,
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WITH HER
ELEGANT MENAGE MARE,
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THE BEST TRAINED HORSE IN THE UNITED STATES.
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All business entrusted to my care both from managers and performers will be promptly attended to. 42-1t*

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Double Character Vocalists.
Responsible Managers please address above, at
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A GOOD VIOLINIST DESIRES
AN ENGAGEMENT. Any one wishing to obtain such a one can address JOHN JORDAN,
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THE EL HASH-HAMO TROUPE
OF BEDOUIN ARABS
(NINE IN NUMBER) are at liberty to make engagements for the
TENTING SEASON OF 1873.
The above troupe commence an engagement at the Grand Opera House, on Monday, Jan. 20th, 1873, where all letters can be addressed to EL HASH-HAMO,
43-1t* Manager for the Arab Troupe.

SAENGER HALL, WARSAW,
ILLINOIS.—This new hall, 40x80 feet, with stage, dressing-rooms and gallery, will seat 400 persons, and is the only one of the city; population of the city 4,000. The above hall will be let by the night or week for concerts, minstrels and dramatic entertainments of all kinds. Address WM. EULER, Secretary,
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FOR SIDE-SHOW PAINTING, address S. FRANKS, S. E. cor. John and Betts st., Cincinnati, O. A deposit when ordered. Reference given by the oldest showmen. 42-8t*

WANTED,
FOR DENIER'S GAIETIE COMIQUE TROUPE,
A SECOND VIOLINIST WHO PLAYS ALTO HORN.
MUST READ WELL AND BE A TEMPERATE MAN.
Address, in haste, JOHN DENIER,
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ACROSS THE WATER.
A NEW AND STARTLING DRAMA,
WITH THE TALENTED YOUNG ACTOR,
EDWIN F. THORNE,
FOR ONE OR MORE WEEKS.
Address National Theatre, Washington, D. C.
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TO MANAGERS
OF FIRST-CLASS THEATRES,
FOR THE SEASON 1873-74.
The KIRALFY BROTHERS beg to announce that they will start on their European tour in search of the
GREATEST LIVING ARTISTS AND SPECIALITIES,
ON OR ABOUT THE 1st OF MAY, '73.
The object will be to bring to the United States a troupe of novelties that shall surpass any other imported before. No money will be spared by the KIRALFY BROTHERS, and having the facility of knowing all the European continent, all the profession, and being masters of
SIX LANGUAGES,
they trust that they will be as successful as in their first importation of artists and stage display, which made their success in New York so great during the run of HUMPTY DUMPTY at the Olympic Theatre.
SPECIAL AGENTS
HAVE BEEN ENGAGED
AND ARE ALREADY IN EUROPE
FOR THIS PURPOSE.
But no artist will be engaged unless seen and seen personally by the
BROTHERS KIRALFY,
MANAGERS
ARE REQUESTED
TO MAKE THEIR DATES WITH THE
KIRALFYS
NEW EUROPEAN TROUPE
BEFORE APRIL 15th, '73,
as they will be in Europe during the summer, and return with
THEIR NEW TROUPE
ON OR ABOUT SEPT. 1st, 1873.
Address to KIRALFY BROTHERS,
225 East 28th street, N. Y.;
Or to reach the KIRALFY TROUPE at the above dates. 43-1t*

W. H. NAYLOR,
HURDLE RIDER, WITH HIS HORSE, is at liberty to accept engagements for the season of 1873. Managers can address him,
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THE GREAT LYRIC STAR,
ROSE D'ERINA,
Erin's Prima Donna, wants a first-class agent in advance, thoroughly conversant with the states from New York to California.
Apply care SOTTER & DENTON,
43-1t* Music Warehouse, Buffalo, N. Y.

VALENTINE VOX
RESUSCITATED BY
E. D. DAVIES,
PREMIER VENTRILOQUIST OF THE WORLD.
Now performing at Niblo's Broadway, New York. Opinions of Press.—Niblo's Garden.—But for fun, George, Tom and Joe bear off the palm. As about everybody has heard and seen Mr. E. D. Davies, it will be unnecessary to explain who the trio alluded to really are. Mr. Davies' ready wit is but second to the perfection which he has attained as a ventriloquist, and he ranks fairly among the prominent structures of this varied entertainment.—The Turf, Field and Farm, Jan. 3d, 1873. 2-1t

MRS. MARY B. WATSON,
First old woman and hearties, with hand-some wardrobe, can be engaged. African Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill. 43-1t*

JOHN M. BURKE,
IRISH COMEDIAN,
AND
MISS ANNIE F. IRISH,
SOPRANO VOCALIST,
ARE MEETING WITH VERY FLATTERING SUCCESS WITH THE ENTERTAINMENT KNOWN AS
PEARSON AND BURKE'S
TABLEAUX OF IRIN & COMEDY COMPANY.
THEY ARE NOTICED AS FOLLOWS BY THE (Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, Dec. 29th, 1872.)
TABLEAUX OF IRIN.
Pearson & Burke's Comedy Company, in connection with the Tableaux of Erin, gave their last entertainment at Concert Hall last night, to another crowded and delighted audience. The paintings in the panoramas are the finest we have ever seen, and are perfectly truthful. Mr. John M. Burke, the versatile Irish comedian, appeared in the comedy of "Dan's Dilemmas; or the Driver, the Darkey and the Dublin Outlaws," and sustained the many characters assumed by him with a truth, force and taste we have never seen surpassed. His Widow O'Connor, his Molly McGrath, in the song of "Apples or Pears," and his different types of old men, are perfection, while in "Maggie McDonald's Lament"—a new song—he takes the house by surprise by his quaint assumption of the Scotch dress and dialect. His Dublin brogue is sweet and natural; his voice clear and musical—all his songs being loudly encored—his "Rocky Road to Dublin" bringing repeated rounds of applause. His dancing we can better illustrate by quoting the following from Leigh Hunt:—

"His dancing was such that the man would dare,
And the women turn crazy—he did it so square,
Since the whole world gave in to him there."

And in his "Active Irish Boy" he displayed his versatility as a dancer in the most complete manner. He also possesses the happy faculty of creating roars of laughter with a look, or bringing down the house by his fine, manly delivery of the serious lines allotted him. He is ably supported by the other members of the company.

Miss Annie Irish (Mrs. Burke) possesses a full, sweet, harmonious voice, and her songs and ballads are loudly applauded. Her acting as Kathleen is natural, graceful and piquant, and finds its way to the heart.

Miss Nellie Burns, by her careful singing and acting of Nora, the Mountain Maid, rendered most efficient aid. Mr. B. S. Murray, as the Tourist, opened the entertainment with a spirited address, and during the four grand concerted pieces which composed one of the different scenes as they appeared, in preparing his remarks with highly interesting historical reminiscences. His pronunciation is clear and distinct, his elocution perfect, and his gestures natural and graceful. His closing address to America was received with tumultuous applause. Mr. Shannon as Hungry Sam, the colored ca-tawy, convulsed the house by his comic but natural delineation of the Jackass individual. His every appearance was hailed with a shout of laughter. On the whole, we deem it one of the most successful entertainments we have witnessed for a long time, and the best combination of comedy and panorama we have ever seen.

Professor Vickey, on the piano and organ, and Mr. Fay, on the pipes and violin, deserve the greatest praise for their artistic rendering of music.

Mr. Burke and his troupe may be sure of a hearty welcome should they ever visit the Quaker City again. 43-1t*

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MY PALACE IN DREAMLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OWEN M. WILSON, JR.

I've built me a palace, my darling,
In a fair land far distant from this;
In a land sunn'd by summer eternal,
Where each moment's freighted with bliss;
There the rarest of flowers bud and blossom,
And birds flit the shady groves through,
And the sky that bends 'bove that sweet country
Is brighter than Italy's own blue.

I've built me a palace, a rare one,
Whose marble walls, whiter than snow,
Gleam dazzlingly bright in the sunlight,
And towers o'er the valleys below.
Where the purest of waters are gushing
From fountaines of nature's own mold;
Where the dew-drops, on each flower reposing,
Flash and glitter like beads of pure gold.

I've built me a palace, a strange one,
Whose turrets rise cloud-ward and grand,
Looking out on a scene of wild splendor
By breezes Æolian o'er fann'd;
Come, his wish me thither when Luna
Casts her mellow light on the pathway doth creep,
For my palace home, lordly and silent,
Standeth far in that wonder-land, Sleep.

Prospect Cottage, Covington, Ky.

SLEIGHING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

SOME SEASONABLE REMEMBRANCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LE VOILA.

The late and unexpected fall of snow which blockaded our business thoroughfares to the supreme disgust of common-place plodders and traders, who can see nothing of the beautiful in a wholesale deposit of snow-flakes, naturally brings to mind some memory of the good old time:—

"The days when we went sleighing in, long time ago,
They were the merriest days that man could ever know."

And merry indeed they were to the New Yorkers of a period, the passing generation may still recollect, as, "wind over its well-packed snow, fleeing to the exhilarating jingle of sleigh-bells, the children of the Knickerbocker, male and female, old and young, rich and poor, braved the icy blasts of rude Boreas, and snapped their fingers defiantly at those of Jack Frost. In fact, sleighing during the wintry hours of old was not, a quarter of a century since, as at present, an ephemeral uncertain and spasmodic enjoyment, but an established institution, as the "snow carnival" was certain to be on hand at the conclusion of the new year's holidays, and, so far from being a season of annoyance and of impediment, it was rationally converted into one of fun, frolic and business profit. It was an annual godsend for carriage builders, saddlers, furriers and publicans. There was no stable, at that time, complete without its sleigh, no horseman but owned a set of buffalo robes, no harness-maker but drove a brisk trade after a fall of snow, and no belle unprovided with boa, tippet and muff, generally of Siberian squirrel or Canadian otter, purchased mainly to defy the rough assaults of the keen air of a moonlit winter's ride, as she and her gallant glided over the snow-covered "road," she dispensing smiles from the cornucopia of the heart, and he golden tokens into the till of a jubilant Boniface.

Some of our daily journalists have assimilated the existing condition of our city to that of one eternal feast of 1836, succeeding the disaster of the "Great Fire," when the new year set in with a fall of icy snowflakes for seventeen days and nights in continuance, and sleighing raged with unremitted hilarity for a season of two months and one half. It was memory of this famous carnival which bestowed a seat to an allusion in the jocular explanation of a panorama in Broadway, painted by Bengough, and elucidated on the stage of the Olympic by an artist-actor by the name of Conover. Banvard, an American, having painted a panorama of the Mississippi, gave an exhibition of it in this city, but our good people, having about that time Croton on the brain, declined patronising the father of rivers. Banvard, in just indignation, boxed up his Mississippi and transported it to London, where the Cockneys could not venture to admire the beauties of the great American stream until after the queen, desiring to induct her growing family into the mysteries of geography pictorially, ordered the foreigner and his river to be shown up at Windsor Castle. This converted Banvard into a success, and when he returned to this country he and his panorama were the admiration of the land, notwithstanding that he was the most vapid of egotistical speakers, and his panorama a most inaccurate and unartistic bit of scene painting.

Panoramas, after the Banvardic experiment, became all the fashion, and Dr. Townsend, who had converted himself into a millionaire through a decoction of sarsaparilla, conceived the idea that the Hudson upon canvas might be turned into a "big thing." So he dispatched the gifted and genial Bengough, Olympian Mitchell's son-in-law, on a voyage of discovery to the head waters of our local stream, in a topsail schooner with a tip-top crew and an assorted cargo of mixed liquors. The excursion proved so delightful and the cargo so invigorating that the choice of navigation was put a termination to the artist's peregrinations. Then, as an appropriate introduction to showing the Hudson, Bengough executed a lesser panorama, delineating one side of Broadway, from Barnum's Museum to Grace Church. The Hudson being beneath our noses, and rivers, like prophets, of no account in their own countries, Bengough's artistic labors were consigned to oblivion until the fertile mind of Mitchell conceived that Broadway might be shown advantageously on his own stage. Conover, in the character of Crummels, Dickens' caricature of the venerable Davenport, father to the "infant prodigy," since expanded into Mrs. Candor, the tragedienne, acted the part of showman in an admirable travesty of Banvard in person and words. "Here" quoth the exhibitor after dwelling in congenial dismalness upon the destruction of the Canal street gas works, which had in spring time reduced Broadway to impenetrable darkness, "is Florence's Hotel—wonderful house, excellent liquors—the man that you don't see at the side door is presumed to be Edwin Forrest, the wonderful 'my boy' of Andrew Jackson Allen, the immortal inventor of gold and silver leather. Our artist just dropped in to pass the time of day with the great tragedian, but found a few friends in his stead, so that, when he emerged, he found himself in the mist of a sleighing scene in full swing.

Those acquainted with Bengough's social habits could fully appreciate the satiric point of the joke, but the bit of local scenery introduced to give effect to a monotonous local painting was a work of art which, did it survive to the present day, would be regarded as an invaluable picture of New York life in a past time. There was the lumbering omnibus sleigh, a gigantic raft, intersected by cross benches, drawn by six sweating horses, struggling knee-deep in the banks of snow, its yielding frame venting moaning creaks, overcrowded with a mass of exultant humanity, who, ever and anon, served as a target for snowy missiles from the hands of mischievous pedestrians and of vagrant boys. There was the dainty cutter with its piebald team, driven by Jack Harrison, the rare old sport, while by his side lelled, enveloped in furry robes of dazzling whiteness, putting the snow to the blush, a queen of the *demi-monde*. There was the ponderous fire-engines, whose wheels had given place to huge runners, cleft from solid oak, dragged by a bellowing crew of red-shirted youth. There was the fairy sleigh in its delicate structure, around whose bright orange or delicately green colored sides ran that inevitable pictorial garland of blue bells, marigolds, hollyhocks and other flowers, once the pride of Knickerbocker horticulture.

There was the impromptu pleasure sleigh of some wild young man fashioned from a crockery crate, resting upon a couple of hickory poles, which by a clever shaving in their centre were made to serve as well for shafts as for running gear. And finally, amid a myriad of the characteristic details, there was a company of city veterans, put to flight from the roadway, in a vain endeavor to parade, half entombed in a snow-drift in an endeavor to reach the security of the sidewalk, just as a descending avalanche from a high-pointed, slate-covered roof has prostrated file and drummer and hall buried them in a mass of melting snow.

Mr. William Bengough was decidedly the most effective scene-painter we have had in this country, of English nativity. There were numerous good painters, attached to our theatres, who were entitled to high praise for artistic skill, such as Lanfrow and Herman Ludlow, and one, his decided superior in ingenuity, Harrington, who combined a good knowledge of mechanics with proficiency with the brush, as was displayed in his dioramas, once the feature at Barnum's Museum, and particularly in a representation of Dante's Hell, which was an attraction at that establishment before the lecture-room was given over, first to songs and singers, then to negro minstrels, and finally transformed into a theatre.

Bengough, a pupil of and co-laborer with the distinguished Clarkson Standfield, of the Royal Academy, who had been induced by Covent Garden to take part in the dramatic spectacular warfare waged by the "poet Bunn," of Drury Lane, came to this country under engagement to the National, then each manager of Wallack, which theatre had been erected for, and used by, a short Italian opera company. The stock scenes of the old National were the most elaborate and best executed pieces of scenery ever seen in America, having been the workmanship of Signor Bragaldi, formerly of La Scala at Milan, Martini, and other imported artists. fresco painters, who have since made handsome fortunes in this city through decoration of private and public buildings. To compete with these productions, Mitchell, Wallack's stage-manager, induced Bengough to visit America, and his scenes in "Amilie," "St. John's Eve," and at the Old Olympic fully maintained the anticipations based on his trans-Atlantic reputation. He was wont pleasantly to allude to his first introduction to Mitchell, who subsequently became his father-in-law. It appears that Bengough, during dull times at the Patent Theatres, was in the habit of professionally visiting the provinces. Engaged by a manager from the north of England, the artist visited the provincial theatre and discovered Mitchell sitting in the green room in his shirt-sleeves. After a few minutes' conversation with his new friend, whom he found to be stage-manager, low comedian and general utility man in its widest acceptation, Bengough invited him to partake of a pot of porter at the public house, and then to take a stroll to gaze upon the lions of the town.

"Can't be done," responded Mitchell, dryly.

"Oh! nonsense!" remonstrated Bengough, good-naturedly; "just slip on your coat, and we'll be back in an hour."

"Can't be done," rejoined his future father-in-law, moodily; "I've got the only good coat in the company, and the manager has borrowed it to go to London and make engagements in."

But to revert to our sleighing. The fast young men of that date were gentlemen—that is, individuals of culture, well educated, living upon inheritances and imitating the manners, habits and tastes of the English gentry, as regulated by the decrees of the Count D'Orsay and of the late Earl of Chesterfield. There was a patrician caste in our society, scrupulously honored and respected, and a breach in public decorum was sufficient to ostracise any gentleman from communion with reputable ladies. To be seen on the road with a woman of blemished reputation was followed by certain exclusion from that class of society who gave a tone to public assemblies, particularly balls and social gatherings. Sleighing parties were no exception to this rigorous rule, and hence the owner of a good team and a fanciful cutter deemed it indispensable to have, as his companion, some lady of the best known families. True, a moonlight ride was regarded as being the most acceptable for the ice-cream's enjoyment. Still, as the sleighs were ever in constant company, and the honor of a gentleman at stake, the slightest indiscretion was certain to be detected and socially punished. I remember one of the most aspiring bloods of fashion who outraged popular decency through bruising with him an actress, well known to have been a "soiled dove," to the bachelors' ball, at the old Washington Hall. When the sleighing carnival arrived this indiscreet gallant could find no lady willing to participate as his companion, and the rumor as to his disgrace became current among the *creme de la creme*. To the as ostinishment of the sleighing coterie, on the third or fourth day of the winter jubilee he appeared upon the road with a damsel of radiant countenance, dressed in the height of fashion. As a matter of course town-talk was absorbed in discussing the individuality of the mysterious lady. "Who can she be?" was the constant inquiry of envious belles, who were forced to admit that the ostracised gentleman's partner appeared, at a passing glance, perfection in form and beauty. Daily the female phenomenon appeared in the outcast's cutter, until the nervousness of disappointed maidens and querulous matrons as to the identity of the feminine daring to defy fashionable excommunication, grew unendurable, especially as she was nightly deposited, just before the witching hour of midnight, at the door of a reputable boarding-house on Broadway, and clasped in the arms of her gallant within and tenderly carried in the arms of a corruptible chambermaid were enlisted and a well-paying Paul Pry of the female sex smuggled into the unknown lady's apartment while its occupant was absent upon her customary drive. Patience was almost exhausted through over-wrought expectation, when the door opened, the cavalier appeared, bearing his precious burden, and then departed hastily after depositing it in a chair. Miss Pry coughed and finally spoke, but the unknown deigned no reply; everything was as silent as the grave, when the intruder, surprised at no alarm being given, turned on the gas and resolutely drew aside the veil obscuring the mysterious damsel's countenance. A scream of horror escaped the inquisitive intruder, when she discovered that the object of her companion's scandal and envy was but a painter's lay figure, most sumptuously garbed and garnished with an abundance of false curls clustering around a wax face.

Before the introduction of the cutter, with its ornamental body, its light runners and its graceful dashboard, the sleigh most in use was that styled a "punge"—a cumbersome machine with stout, heavily ironed running gear, the body in shape resembling half a wooden shoe, with a broad back raising high in the air. It was generally painted orange, Dutch green, or sky blue, with little other decoration than the inviting border of household flowers, so fascinating to the eye of a cabbage-growing Hollander. Originally, the centre of the shafts was attached to the rear transom of the "punge," under an idea that the horse's feet would beat a pathway through drifting snow, while the heavy weight of the driver's buxom companion would effect a like operation on the opposite side.

As the trotting horse came in vogue, and the light road-wagon, for summer use, supplanted stanhopes, buggies, gigs and such like ante-diluvian vehicles, the neat and handsome cutter became an imperative necessity for enjoyment of the pleasures of the snow-covered road, and was adopted by men of fashion as peculiarly adapted for display of their manly beauty and general good taste. The ordinary course driven by an exquisite was from the Astor House, up Broadway, which was chiefly occupied by private houses above Canal street, and thence through the Bloomingdale road to Kingsbridge, or, as it was popularly styled, the kissing bridge, from the peculiar style of toll exacted from the fair Dutch damsels by their lovers when out of town.

The lower classes in society rarely ventured among the fast teams of the fashionables, but, on the contrary, confined their operations to the Bowery, the old Post Road and the Third avenue, which, being then macadamized, was particularly favorable for display of speed. Did a gentleman chance to pass over this route he invariably stopped at Cato's, a quaint old public house, a little off the Boston road, and contained by that venerable darkey for over fifty years. Cato was a rigid disciplinarian and never varied from his rules, one of which was the closing of his house at nine in the evening, after which hour he would refuse admission to anybody, even the President of the United States, John Tyler having been refused the honor of a hot drink by the implacable contraband for being fifty minutes over time.

A desperate attempt was made, thirty years ago, to introduce the Canadian *traineau*. Capt. Marx, more properly known as "the dandy," momentarily astonished the good folks by turning out in a gorgeous sleigh after the Canadian pattern, fashioned in the shape of a swan with a tail, arching neck, and painted to resemble that bird. In the body of the contrivance nestled his lady-love, while the driver was perched at the rear, his feet resting upon the runners. Another aspiring man of fashion sported a *traineau*, the body of which was in imitation of a gigantic sea-shell, while the bells were arranged upon an arch extending over the horse's back, from which extended a fine net, preventing the snow from being thrown into the lady's face. But these novelties were of short duration.

CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHAS. CONNOLLY.

WE HAVEN'T HEARD old man Rubinstein worry his piano as yet, nor are we disposed to poke fun at the eminent piano clawer, but we *must* hazard the remark that if he can play the piano only one half as well as—as he ain't handsome, why he's a stunner in the music line without doubt.

IN SPEAKING of a bad condition of musical instruments, it is the proper thing to use the old stand-by expressions and comparisons, which are supposed to be both appropriate and facetious. The thing in violins should be alluded to as "an old cracked fiddle." "Cracked" *must* not be omitted, for a "fiddle" to be successfully bad must needs be "cracked." A piano which has seen better days must be jovially spoken of as "an old tin pan." This expression is as popular as tatty. A dilapidated melodeon is generally accepted as a "wheezy old box," while a poor thing in brass can be called a "fish horn," a "rasp horn," etc., *ad libitum*.

WILL WE EVER hear the last of the individual who, when describing the performances of some violinist, *insists* that "that there feller made that old fiddle fairly talk, by gosh!" Now we can detect the various and delicate shades of expression in violin playing as well as the next man, but ram us in a trombone and then blow us out again, if we ever heard "that there old fiddle fairly talk," no matter who officiated as scraper. Get some other expression, gents, which isn't *quite* so steep and worn.

MUSICAL AMATEURS (a terrible gang), cast your eyes upon the following tempting catalogue of exercises, etc:—

2,000 preparatory exercises (for the first fifteen years practice). These arrangements are all German—German as pretzels.

150 piano exercises for the loud pedal.

200 soft scales, designed especially for practice in the morning before any one is up.

20 scale exercises for the drum, with a few happy preludes in different keys. Young amateurs who drum on fences and coal-boxes, now's your chance.

20 solos for the bass viol. (N. B.—This is the respectable instrument that funny folks call the grandfather of all the fiddles, ha! ha!) These solos will be found as cheerful and airy as a rhinoceros with the wind colic.

10 small effective exercises for leader's baton in different keys.

50 little vocal exercises for those that can't sing. Very convenient are these, for they are so arranged that if you are not heavy on the "voce," you can just hum 'em over easy to yourself. See?

ALLOW US to offer to the young ladies a few simple rules teaching them "*How not* to play the piano:"—

1. If there is—and there always is—some particular part of your piece which is rather awkward and difficult, don't waste time analyzing it and finding out just *where* the difficulty lies, but flounder through it in a bold and beautifully mixed up manner, and no one will ever be the wiser for it, perhaps.

2. Don't be afraid of the loud pedal. Master it at once. Comes in real handy at times.

3. Carefully avoid octaves if you would not have a *horrid* looking hand.

4. Do please try "crossing hands" when your teacher isn't around. Oh! its beautiful. Never mind if you don't hit the confounded note three times out of—three times. Looks *awful* hard. Cultivate it, girls.

5. Don't be *too* particular in regard to the left hand part. No need of it. The nasty bass don't amount to much anyhow. Ain't much tune to it, anyway, is there. Just tap in here and there every now and then. Punch with confidence and a deaf man wouldn't know the difference.

6. Scorn the finger-marks. Originate your own. Make 'em up as you go along, my little dears. Great sight nicer, ain't it, Nattie?

7. When you are to play your last piece to "company," to make it go well put all your rings on.

8. In buying new music always remember to select a piece with a yellow cover—a French named composition with a Dutch named composer. Carefully avoid "home talent" of any kind.

IT MAY be accepted as a fact that a hand organ is *hardly* the thing to illustrate a *crescendo*.

Also, that the big drum has wonderful capabilities in that respect.

Also, that it is real mean for arrangers of orchestral music to write pp. for the big drum, thereby paralyzing the noble arm that would swing in all the majesty of fff, which the unmusical reader will understand as meaning "bang like thunder."

Also, that *all* the eminent violinists of the age did not use "Winner's Every Man his own Violinist, for fifty cents." We believe there are some few exceptions. Sure.

Also, that old Sam Pancake—Carl, of galop manufacturing notoriety, *doesn't* get his old music machine to "convict" a galop every time the clock ticks. To judge by the bundle of his galops—"Dunder und Blitzen," "Jump Lively," "Hooray! Hullo!" (we don't charge for our names)—we should say that old Carl keeps the machine to work right lively, anyhow.

It is also a certainty that Czerny's Exercises ain't worth a straw for concert purposes, and that a few hours' practice of his infernal studies and flip-flaps and gymnastics will fix up your fists like they'd been squeezed into a tight pair of kids for a month. Even after you've mastered the darn things, they don't sound half so interesting as the effect produced by a man tuning the piano, blessed if they do.

It is not to be contradicted that the easiest thing in the concert line is to pay your dollar and be a listener.

And decidedly out of the way are those folks who imagine that composers of music are always being followed around and tormented by liberal publishers, who beg them to write up something for them, at the same time flinging numerous bank checks at 'em. Oh, please undeceive yourselves, good people. Publishers don't "fling" in that foolish way. Not always. Oh, no.

THE ARAB AND THE INFIDEL.—A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the Great Sahara, in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called on his god. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this; till at last, one evening, as he arose from his knees, the would-be philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a god?" The guide fixed his eyes upon the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet? Even so," said he, pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert "that footprint is not of man."

ALWAYS BEHIND TIME.—A doctor recently died who was the oldest medical man in one of our large towns. The babies he had helped in early practice through the perils of childhood had become to be gray-haired men; and one day, just prior to his death, he had an engagement with one of these, a well-known merchant. The hour of the engagement was long past, the doc or was pacing the floor of his study, when the gentleman came in with an apology on his lips, "No matter, no matter!" said the doctor, with an patient waive of his hand; "you are always behind. I remember fifty years ago, sitting for ten mortal hours in the little back parlor of your father's house, waiting for you to be born. You were always behind time."

A DEFINITIVE EPITAPH.—The following inscription is to be seen in the churchyard at Malaga, Spain:—"Here lies Juan Peerez, who was a good father, a good son and a good husband. Note.—Do not mistake him for his younger brother, who bears the same name, and is now in penal servitude in Ceuta."

A SONNET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY C. ALEC MAHON.

Is the love in thy bosom as deep and sincere
As the heart yet unborn to one feeling of fear?
Will it leave in thy mind or thy memory no tone
Of what it might be were it once more thine own?
Can it lead thee unshrinking through sorrow or pain,
'Mid disgrace and dishonor still faithful remain?
Will it follow through life with no sigh of regret
Of what might have been or of what may be yet?
If this be the passion that lives in thy breast,
That cannot grow tired and will not seek rest,
Then fly to the bosom that is ever thy home,
And find there the heart that is all, all thine own;
That can feel not in life nor remembrance may care
That it ever has trusted thy faithful love there.

Phil'a, Dec. 29th, 1872.

A FRIGHTFUL DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I was tired and cold and hungry, "and all the world seemed dark and dreary."

The CLIPPER is my motion. In ancient times fools jested for pay, but now a QUEEN jests for fools. But I had not a dime in my purse, nor a penny in the world! I seized and shook the little Japan bank that stands on the mantel; no click of coin greeted my ear. I tore its timbers apart and examined the seams in the roof, but the bank had failed; so, unconsoled, I retired to bed.

I tossed and tumbled from east to west upon that couch of woe, but the heart throbbed wildly and my head was hot and feverish. At last, I know not how, I fell into a troubled sleep. Visions haunted me. Devils danced and yelled about me, flourishing bank-notes in my face. Fiends with glaring eyeballs and forked tongues jeered at my misery, and jingled gold and silver in my aching ears. I stared at the wealth with famished eyes. I reached for it with hungry hands. I plead for it in piteous tones. Still they snatched it back from my grasp and mocked at my anguish. I grew frantic, and with a superhuman effort I again stretched forth my burning fingers and clutched the gold in my grasp. Demoniac howls of rage greeted my victory, as away, away I sped, while the infuriated demons pursued me with hideous noise. Like a hurricane I flew down dark streets and through narrow alleys fit for murderous deeds, now gaining, now losing in the terrible race, but I reached the goal, the little shop where the CLIPPER was kept.

In I bounded, breathless, exhausted, but triumphant. Upon the counter I flung the money and ordered the paper with tremulous exultation. The newsman was a little, queer, wiry lad, retained by that venerable darkey for his "mere anatomy," and his shop was as old and shabby as himself. He took up the money and reached for the paper, when, with frightful clamor, into the room burst the pursuing fiends of darkness.

I staggered back appalled, and in an instant I was engulfed in suffocating smoke, which smothered and paralyzed me, till, with a strange, rushing sound, the smoke blazed into sheets of fiery flame, enveloping my whole body and threatening utter annihilation. All earth receded from my gaze and I became as naught, when suddenly there was a great burst of triumphal music, and I was crowned with laurel. Looking around, and I in the little shop, so quaint and shabby, had become a gorgeous palace; the "mere anatomy" was an admirable gentleman of the world; around all was mirth, music and enjoyment.

Handsome ladies and gallant gentlemen mingled in elegant festivity. Arrayed in apparel such as the gods might wear, they moved in the enchanting music of an unseen choir. Marble, ivory, inlaid pearl, velvet and damask, enriched the scene. Golconda's wealth was lavished upon its magnificence. In the glare of myriad lights sparkled fountains of curious device; rare exotics, interspersed with statues, embellished the scene.

I was dazzled, bewildered, intoxicated with sensuous delight. Then I beheld in the most magnificent mirrors with which the walls glittered. I stirred, the image stirred; I raised my hand, and the hand of the image was raised. Could it be my own reflection? I was indeed transformed, decked in delicious finery, costly robes, flashing with diamonds, while a coronet of priceless gems encircled my brow.

Before me stood the noble poet, speaking sweet praise into my enchanted ear. I replied, and my voice was beautiful and silvery. Words such as I thought only gods could utter flowed freely from my lips. Amazed within, yet tranquil without, I whirled through the mazy dance, always the observed of all observers, sought, flattered, admired, worshipped, till I felt that I had truly obtained the acme of human success. Giddiness filled my heart and grandeur swelled my soul, when, behold! on a sudden my coronet disappeared, my diamonds became worthless stones, my silken robes turned to unsightly rags, my feet were naked, and beauty fled from my face and form.

Shame filled my soul, bitterness was in my heart. The host, whose compliments still ring in my ears, glanced contemptuously upon me; the guests who had so recently contended for my favor fell back in disdain and exchanged glances of scorn and aversion. The servants who had before vied with each other in bestowing upon me obsequious attention, now, with jibes and insolent leers, conducted me to the threshold and thrust me from the palace.

I threw myself down upon the ground in all my tattered garments, and, shivering with the night's chilliness, bewailed the cruel treatment. The consciousness that, except in external trappings, I was still the same, stung me to madness, and I resolved to recover what I had so deliciously enjoyed but so suddenly lost—the admiration and applause of wealth, beauty and fashion. Springing to my feet, I rushed from the spot and hurried from place to place, seeking in vain the means. Miserable me! I tugged and toiled with weary hand but earnest heart and active brain; it seemed an interminable while, and only scoffs and jeers greeted my disappointments.

I was raving with despair. Life was an odious burden. I resolved to suffer no more. In black darkness I stooped to the river's side. I was about to plunge into oblivion, when suddenly some unseen, unfelt power seized me up, and with the celerity of lightning bore me into the midst of a vast and brilliant assemblage, and then I perceived I stood in the glare of the footlights upon the mimic stage.

Royalty, nobility, wit, beauty and wealth had congregated to honor my powers. Stormy and enthusiastic applause greeted my appearance, flowers and wreaths of laurel were showered upon me in endless profusion. Again I stood upon the summit of earthly glory. I astonished the multitude and bewildered myself.

The play was stormy, furious, passionate. It shook my soul. I suffered in its agonies and was exhausted in its death. The curtain fell, and then a great outburst from the people shook the walls, and my name was vociferously called by the impatient, tumultuous crowd. Re-appearing, I received better than ever their plaudits, and sent up cheer after cheer. I attempted to speak; thought after thought thronged up from my heart, rushing over one another in confusing eagerness to escape. My emotions overwhelmed me, my tongue was paralyzed, and I stood powerless to utter a sound. The multitude wildly urged me, yet effort was vain.

I was suffocated; my lungs which grew big and bigger, till they had expanded a thousand times my bulk, and with a terrific sound, that reverberated through the building, I exploded into millions of tiny atoms that obscured the dazzling lights like murky clouds of smoke.

At this horrible crisis I awoke. I felt of my head; it was there. I examined my body; it still possessed the regulation number of limbs. I arose and walked. Indubitably I was intact.

Thank God I had not gone out in smoke. "What means this dream," I pondered, for surely

"Dull sleep instructs, nor sports vain dreams in vain."

VIDA VARRIE.

"DAT'S RUFF," OR, What Will You Settle For?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEO. L. BARCLAY.

Matt. Brown was a good hearted, genial son of Luserne county, and when that "little difficulty" occurred was the first in his neighborhood to enlist. He had only been married a year or so then, and had just gone to housekeeping. His wife preferred living at home with the old folks during his absence, and Matt. concluded to sell off most of the household effects. Now he owned the house, didn't care about selling it, and concluded to let some one live in it. Nigger Pete, being the cook in the poorest man, and having a large family, it was his luck to tumble himself and progeny into the cottage.

"Pete, you can live in that house, rent free, while I'm with the army, but I want to put two barrels of flour, which I have, and several articles of wearing apparel belonging to myself and wife, in one room, the door of which I shall lock, and you'll keep away from that room and everything in it," said Matt., just before he joined his regiment.

"All right, boss, I'll keep 'way from dat room like as if it was de hanted chamber dat *Green Beard* had stuffed full of dead wives sewed up in oyster bags."

So Matt. left for the "seat of war." He had scarcely been gone a month when Nigger Pete appeared in the village with a fine suit, consisting of coat, vest and pants, property of the aforesaid M. Brown.

His wife and eldest daughter next appeared, finely costumed, and *that* was the property of the wife of the aforesaid M. Brown, Esq. Mrs. Brown remonstrated with Pete, who nigger like, fell back on "black lies."

"Look yere, Mrs. M. Brown, Esq.," said Pete, "Matt. done gone gib me dem things in his *will*."

"His will! Why, he never thought of such a thing."

"Fore Gord, Mrs. M. Brown, Esq., you're man did make dat *will*."

"Where is it, Pete?"

"Oh, it weren't a will on *paper*. He make dem tings over to me by word of voice."

Mrs. Brown could do nothing with him. The neighbors did not know anything about the agreement between Matt. and Pete, except that the former had told the latter that he could live in the house rent free.

Then Mrs. B. wrote to her husband a full account of just how matters stood, and concluded with this last piece of information:—"*Those four barrels are empty, too.*"

She received the following characteristic letter in reply:—

"When my time is up I shall be three days in reaching Washington, shall be in Scranton on the 7th of that month, from there two hours en route to home, and, *providence* permitting, *I'll kick that nigger like h—l at 6.15 P. M.*"

About that hour Matt. arrived at D——, and it was Pete's ill luck to be at the hotel at that hour, taking a "stifferup." Matt. closed the door of the bar-room, and said: "Pete, I'm going to kick you." And Pete looked solemn, and muttered, in the shivering voice of fear, "Oh, boss, Mister M. Brown, esqkervire, *don't!*" Matt. hit once. Pete said *don't!!!* Another blow, and Pete's *don't!!!* really became expressive of what he meant in using it. Matt. kicked him on the "shins" several times, and each time Pete "hollered" don't, *don't!!!!* About five minutes of this kind of *electric treatment tired* his niggership a little, but he *got!* He was seen by a field laborer about three miles from D—— to be still on the "got!" He called as he passed to the laborer, "Dat Matt. Brown's got de debbil in him."

Now Matt's knuckles were bruised, and he was by no means satisfied yet, and very foolishly threatened to kill Pete on sight. Meeting him about a week afterwards he took him with him. The "nigger" had him arrested for assault and battery, with intent to kill. Here was trouble. Matt. left the neighborhood. His father-in-law went to Pete for the purpose of "buying him off." Pete was stubborn. Mr. S—— was prepared to pay any sum in reason, but, proceeding cautiously, tried to do the thing cheap—say one or two hundred dollars.

"Look yere, Mister S., I'se got nuthin 'gainst Mr. M. Brown, Esq., 'cept that he fust hammered me down at D., and den beat me wid a club up at M., which altergetter 'bout frightened de life right out me. I'se not much 'clined to sell de eyes matter, 'cause sich lambasting—well, *dat's ruff!* But seein' dat's him as did it, I'll settle de matter, and dese are de only terms upon which I'll operate. If Matt. will gib me dem *two empty flour barrels*, dat's my ultimatter!"

It is needless to add that the case was settled on Pete's terms.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE RIVAL DARKIES.

Enter REUBEN BAKER, *attired in the height of fashion, with a lady on each arm, meeting Tambo from opposite side.*

TAMBO.—Well, well, who'd a t'ought ob seein' you, all drest in dat way, de fine ebenin'. Look as if you was goin' to a weddin' or funeral.

BOZES.—No, dat's more in your line. Ain't in de market dis time, Tambo.

TAMBO.—Pooty pair of gals, dem you got dere. I say, gib us a introdusement.

BOZES.—O, sartin'. Dis one, wid a face like a pot o' blackin', am Kitty Seacoal, de intibidual on her sex. Dis one, wid de lamp-black countenance, am Sally Snatchbops, likewise, de intibidual ob her sex, here on 'em great hands for a dance or a feed. Want to go to de ball to-night? If you does, jus' plank your spons for de pasteboards and come along.

TAMBO.—I don't mind, and if de ladies is agreeable, perhaps I'll stan' treat in de bargain.

Sings.—Now de leader gibs de signal,
Gals and boys your places take,
Figure, swing and double gentle,
In de light fantastic shake.

TAMBO *sings.* Birdie on up a cherry-tree,
Hark! I hear de great bobolink;
How de nimble toes am twinklin',
Twinklin' to-dat same ole tune.

KITTY.—How my glazy brain am whirlin',
As de watchers swirl around;
Head on manly breast reposin',
Scarce we seem to touch de ground.

SALLY.—As dese arms my waist encircle,
And I feel dat manly hug,
I grow faint and swoon wid rapture,
Gasin' in dat ugly mug.

Chorus.—Now de leader gibs de signal, etc.

They dance a fig at the end of each verse.

Enter TENOR, *in gorgeous array. The girls affect to be struck by his appearance.*

BOZES (*aside*).—What dat nigger up to now, I wonder?

TAMBO.—Whose store's been broke open now, I wonder?

TENOR.—O! is that you, Brother Bones? Good evening, Brother Tambo. How spruce you look this fine evening!—going to the ball, I suppose. Nice girls, those you've got there. Come, do the amiable.

BOZES.—Wid de greatest pleasure. (*Aside*)—Wish de debbil had him! Miss Seacoal, Miss Snatchbops—dis am de nightingale ob our little coterie. Heavy on de gals!

TENOR.—You flatter my poor merits, Brother Bones. (*He bows; they curtsy extravagantly.*) If I might make so bold, suppose I make one of your party for the evening?

GIRLS.—O, sir, you do us proud! (*They take his arms.*)

BOZES.—Tambo, 'pears to me we'm a pair of odd shoes in dis affair.

TAMBO.—Know'd it would be jus' so when dat perfume feller come along.

TENOR.—They are gone. Now, then, for a little entertainment of our own, to pass the time (*Sings*):—

When the moon so brightly shining
Lights the landscape with its glow,
See how fast the rapid runners
Slide along the glist'ning snow.
Draw the buffalo blanks closer
While we snuggle down *sub rosa*,
Crack the whip and away we go, sir,—
Ev'ry damsel kiss her beau.

GIRLS.—Pass around de cakes and wine, my soul mates,
Let the sparkling wine be brought,
'Tis de hour for mirth and pleasure,
'Tis no my arm, dere's lots of sport;
Mingle in the gay cumtillion,
Jake is here, and sissy's willin',
Peel as if I owned a million.

ALL.—When de moon, etc.

(*They dance off as re-enter* BOZES *and* TAMBO.)

BOZES.—His sleigh turns out to be a cutter, and he's finished de job by cuttin' away wid de gals—just as I t'ought he would.

TAMBO.—Dey've gib us de slip sure enough! Nebber mind, Bonesy; gib us your arm, and let's console ourselves wid a mug of hot Tom and Jerry over de way. (*Sings*):

O Sally she is buxom,
And Kitty she is fa'r;
But wimmen's so deceivin'
You can't trust dem anywhere.
Dey'm false and dey am fickle,
An dey'm slippery as eels,
And deir hearts, if you would read dem,
You will find dem in deir heels.

BOTH.—O, Sally, she is buxom, &c.

[*They dance off, singing and playing.*]

MEMENTO OF FORREST.

Charles H. Pattee, Esq., of 27 Niles Block, Boston, contributes the following memento of the late Edwin Forrest, when acting at the Boston Theatre in 1834:—

BOSTON THEATRE.

Thomas Barry.....Lessee and Manager
J. B. Wright.....Assistant Manager

MR. FORREST.

The American Tragedian, in his celebrated character of Virginius,
FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY.

The manager has much pleasure in announcing an engagement, for a limited number of nights, to this great artist, who will appear on every evening during the week. Mr. Forrest will be supported in the tragedy this evening by Mr. G. Pauncefort, Mr. H. F. Daly, Mr. Barry and Adelaide Biddles.

Mr. and Mrs. Colon Wood Balcony, $1; parquet, 50c.; private boxes, $6; amphitheatre, 25c.; boxes, 1st and 2d tier, 50.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 9th, 1834,

will be performed the tragedy, in 5 acts, by James Sheridan Knowles, entitled

VIRGINIUS; OR, THE ROMAN FATHER.

Virginius.....Mr. Forrest	Titus.....Mr. Lyster
Hamilcar.....Johnson	Appius.....Mr. Holmes
Icilius.....Geo. Pauncefort	Cheles.....Mr. Forrester
Dentatus.....Mr. Barry	Sextus.....Mr. Gouldson
Appius Claudius.....H. F. Daly	Julius.....George Johnson
Mons. Claudius.....J. B. Howe	Virginia, daughter of Virginius, Miss A. Biddles
Vitellenius.....Mr. Hunt	
Servius.....N. T. Hayes	Servia, her nurse, Mrs. H. P. Grattan
Lucius.....W. Cowell	
Spurius.....Mr. Harcourt	Slave.....Miss Walters
Citizens, soldiers, lictors, &c.	

To conclude with the laughable farce, in one act, of the
NEW FOOTMAN.

Mr. Capsicum.....G. W. Johnson	Mr. Sourcrout.....S. D. Johnson
Bobby Brackwindow.....J. Wood	Polly Primrose.....Mrs. John Wood
Henry Gordon.....W. Cowell	Miss Sourcrout.....Mrs. Dixon

Friday, Mr. Forrest will appear as King Lear.

Saturday afternoon a comic entertainment, commencing at 3 o'clock, precisely. To-night and "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White."

Monday, Mr. Forrest as Othello.

NEVER JUDGE OF A MAN BY HIS TOGS. A Motto Song.

My friends

week, and after being completely renovated, reopened on April 13th, with the prices of admission again raised to fifty cents for the boxes and twenty-five for the pit, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, appearing in the opera of the "Bohemian Girl." On May 4th, "Marifana" was sung for the first time in New York. On Sept. 2d, for Miss Julia Trumbull's benefit, the late N. B. Clarke, so long identified with the theatre, made his first appearance in N.Y., acting Quosimado in "Esmeraldo." On May 7th, 1849, Red mond Ryan made his American debut. The season closed on June 23d. The theatre reopened Sept. 3d of that year. On the 17th, Mr. Lester (Wallack) made his first appearance at that theatre, playing Don Cæsar de Bazan. The season closed June 24th, 1850, and a summer season opened on July 2d, which closed on August 31st. The regular season opened on September 2d. On March 13th, 1851, Mr. Eddy made his first appearance on the stage where he became so popular, acting Cardinal Richelieu. The season closed July 4th. A summer was begun on July 23d, and terminated on August 31st. The regular season opened September 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams continuing an engagement which commenced on August 18th, and ended September 13th. The season closed June 19th, 1852. Samuel W. Glenn made his first appearance there during that season. Mr. Hamblin opened his next season on August 23d, 1852, with "Macbeth," in which Miss Matilda Heron made he metropolitan debut. On the 24th Lotty Hough made her first appearance in New York. Jan. 8th, 1853, Mr. Hamblin died, and the theatre was closed until the 14th. On Feb. 9th, W. H. Hamblin, son of the late manager, made his first appearance since childhood, acting Marc Antony. Nothing worthy of note occurred until February, 1854, when Mr. Waldron became the lessee and manager. On Oct. 2d, 1854, Miss Louise Keeder made her debut on the stage, acting Blanca; and on March 1st, 1856, Miss Denvil first trod those boards, acting Julia. On March 8th, 1856, the theatre was closed by an injunction, and remained so until April 7th, when Mr. Waldron resumed the management, which he continued until the middle of June. On the 30th of that month John Brougham became the lessee, and so continued until June 20th, 1857. E. Eddy became the next lessee, opening on July 16th, and acted himself until the end of August. The next regular season commenced Sept. 2d, 1857, and terminated in July, 1858. On Aug. 7th, of that year, George L. Fox and the late James W. Lingard became the lessees and managers, and so continued until Aug. 6th, 1859. On the 8th of that month, J. H. Allen and George C. Boniface opened a season. A few months later Mr. Boniface withdrew, and Mr. Allen continued the management until June 1st, 1860. On June 9th of that year the Webb sisters made their first appearance in New York. From that time the history of the theatre is probably familiar to our readers.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

I'M LITTLE, BUT—O MY!

I'm not so very big, I know,
But I would not be tall;
I always did dislike to grow,
And that's just why I'm small.
Some tell me, in provoking words,
I'm barely shoulder high,
But I don't mind, I simply say,
"I'm little, but—O my!"

In value I'm a golden girl,
In virtue more than fair,
In manner far from being a churl,
At many a one will swear.
That I am great in all but size,
No one will dare deny;
Say what you will, I tell you still,
"I'm little, but—O my!"

Sometimes, when I go out to walk,
I have to trot, I find,
To keep at my companion's side,
Or else be left behind.
It really takes my breath away,
But I would scorn to sigh;
"Why don't you walk?" I wildly say,
"I'm little, but—O my!"

I had a charming fellow once,
He had no fault but one;
His legs they were so wondrous long
They made me always run.
Of course, you know, he had to go,
His head was much too high;
A mate for me my love must be,
"I'm little, but—O my!"

My latest love is just my style,
I reach up to his eyes;
We both can whisper, when we walk,
Of things more sweet than wise.
I know he longs to share my life,
I see it in his eye;
My fate is there. O fate so fair!
"I'm little, but—O my!"

CORA PEARL INTERVIEWED.

Her Story of the Recent Shooting of one of Her Lovers—To be Sent out of the Country.

The following is an account of a recent interview with the notorious Cora Pearl, who but a short time since received orders to quit France:—"After passing through the lofty doorway in her house in the Rue Chaillot the visitor finds on the right a glass door leading to the vestibule, which is tastefully decorated with mirrors and oriental plants. At the bottom of a princely flight of stairs on the left there is the lodge, which communicates with the interior by means of an electric bell and a speaking tube. On ascending, the steps are found to be luxuriously carpeted, and one passes trophies, armory, skins of wild beasts and groups of statuary, which are reflected by mirrors and produce a splendid effect. The second landing, where the drawing-room is reached, is elaborately and tastefully fitted with gigantic sheets of plate glass, framed in flowing curtains. The drawing-room, which is long and lofty, is furnished with sofa chairs of pinkish grey, and has an ebony table inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. On a raised Japanese tea-chest there is a small bust of the Prince Imperial. Works of art and flowers are scattered about in happy profusion. The first words of Cora Pearl to her visitor were:—"Oh, I am so glad to see you; the French papers want to make me out such an infamous character." Here Cora fell into an arm-chair and burst into tears. She wore a white dress trimmed with white lace, and having pink ribbons, and a dark green sailor-knot set off to advantage her bushy head of pale, golden hair, which was parted on one side and held back from the forehead by a small tortoise-shell comb. When she recovered sufficiently to speak, her hands dropped down by her side. The effect of the late terrible occurrence could be seen in the jaded, haggard, shocking occurrence of her features and colorless cheeks. Her sunken eyes glared suddenly as she said:—"They talk of sending me out of the country, but what has happened to me which would not happen to any other woman under similar circumstances? Suppose you said you wanted to live with me, and I declined your offer, should I be to blame if you shot yourself? It is not true that I wanted to get rid of M. Duval because he had no money left. I have money enough for him, if he has not enough for me, and if I thought for a moment that he seriously intended to shoot himself I would have kept him here much longer. The truth is that, during the ten months I have known him, he has constantly implored me to marry him. Now, as marriage is not the thing for me, still less for him, I have always refused him, and as my refusals only made him more obstinate, I resolved to cut matters short by telling him that, although we should remain good friends, all must be at an end between us. He would not believe me, and said that if I left him he would kill himself, making use of such passionate expressions as men employ on those occasions. Afterwards he forced his way two or three times into the house, but he always found me firmer—harder, if you like. When he came for the last time there was no horrible scene, as was falsely stated by the *Figaro*. He simply said:—'Then is everything at an end between us?' Do you refuse to see me again?' I replied, 'Yes, everything is at an end between us.' He then walked out of this room into my bedroom, and about a minute afterwards my maid found him lying on the floor. Blood was flowing from his side, and we thought he had stabbed himself, as nobody had heard any report. The pistol, however, was found under him. The very first thing I did, after seeing the doctor, was to send for his mother, who at first refused to come. It was not until I had sent ten messages and a priest to her that she consented to come into my house, whence her son neither would nor could be removed. Before coming to me he had written several letters—one being addressed to the commissioner of police—in which he stated that, after mature reflection, he had resolved upon shooting himself. If he did so in my house, it was because, in case he should not kill himself 'clean'—this was Cora's own expression—he would not be left to die like a dog in his mother's house. The truth of the matter is," she continued, "the poor boy wanted to end his life as much because he had no home as because I refused to become his wife. When his father died his mother soon afterwards married one of her former husband's employes, M. Daurisal, who then had nothing but his salary of 4,000 francs. The step-father could not bear the sight of poor Duval, and his mother left him at last without any allowance, and so forced him to get into debt. Now they want to make out that I have ruined him, and hope to make me responsible for the life of the son and the loss of the property they have mismanaged. It is not true that Duval gave me this house or the house in the country. They were given to me five years ago by Prince Napoleon. It was not the money that he spent with me that brought him into difficulties; it was that which he had spent before I knew him. In fact, he never allowed me to know how much he had to spend." Cora concluded by stating that the indignant stories published in the French papers will be denied by Duval as soon as he recovers, and that she intends to leave Paris for some period.

A TRAGEDY.

Seduction, followed by Fatal Duelling.

Stabbing and homicide are common occurrences as much in Rome as in New York. An event of this kind has just taken place in the former city, culminating in the premature loss of four lives. The scene of the tragedy was in that part of Rome known as the Regola, whose inhabitants have the reputation of being more ferocious than the rest of their fellow-citizens. Oswald Scandi, a coachman, or rather boy, for he was only nineteen years old, had seduced the sister of a young butcher twenty-one years old. The latter discovered the intrigue, and in his first indignation at the loss of family honor, he ill-treated his sister in a way which produced premature confinement and the death of her baby. The butcher, Hector Corbelli, then went to look for the author of all this catastrophe, and inquired whether he meant to marry his sister. Oswald replied that he could not, as he was liable to this year's conscription. Hector immediately challenged his adversary, and the latter was not slow in accepting the duel. The butcher acted magnanimously in giving his opponent a fair chance, for, generally speaking, the Romans, when they owe anybody a grudge, are very anxious to get a blow at him in an unguarded moment. The combatants proceeded, without the formality of seconds, to the Tiber bank, and rushed at one another with such fury that in a few seconds the two corpses lay within a few feet of each other at the entry of the Vicolo delle Mortella, both grasping their daggers firmly in death. The fatal intelligence was conveyed by the butcher's uncle to his family, and the shock of the double catastrophe was too strong for his poor convalescent sister, who was taken with convulsions and died almost immediately, while the mother of Hector, infuriated at the simultaneous loss of her son and daughter, rushed off to Oswald's House to stab his mother, as an act of legitimate revenge. Fortunately, the coachman's mother was not at home, so that a fifth life was saved, and measures were taken to keep the irritated parties separate. The sequel of this tragedy was illustrative of popular feeling in Rome with regard to such sanguinary incidents. The funeral of the two young men took place, and, as Hector, especially, had been always considered to be a good lad, his brother butchers and friends united to pay the last honors to his memory, and Oswald, although not enjoying such general esteem, had friends who resolved to pay him a similar tribute. It was easy to foresee a collision between the followers of the two rival biers; but this not improbable denouement was prevented by the good feeling of the presidents of the ancient and honorable guild of butchers, who got up and harrangued the assembled crowd, amounting to about 1,000 persons, exhorting them to lay aside all ideas of animosity, and join in one procession, to show that anger did not outlive the tomb. He then ordered the two corpses to be placed on the same funeral car, and put the *cortege* in motion, consisting of upwards of 1,000 persons, with 200 torches, thirteen operative societies' flags, and other representative emblems, stretching out to nearly a mile's length. When the procession reached the cemetery, and the corpses were consigned to mother earth, an orator delivered a patriotic discourse, and drew from the tragic event an argument in favor of union and concord.

WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

Here's where the laugh comes in this time, right on the top of a big joke, one that don't happen more than once in a dog's age. About 1 o'clock Sunday morning—a most witching hour of night—Fred. Marsh, one of the very best rogue catchers and iniquity hunters that Capt. Boynton has at his command, was poking about in search of sinners among the all-night bousing kens of the North End, when his attention was attracted to house No. 7 Endicott street, a place that has more or less noterfety in that neighborhood as the home of the strange woman. Having decided to hunt down and tree any small game that he might find about that wooden woodshed, he pulled the bell and went in. On entering, Fred. found things mighty quiet. The gas was turned down, and as there were no canaries about the parlors, he began to think that he would have to leave without a feather. The madam, Melinda Morgan, was a little scared, and both reserved and reticent, and then Fred worried her muchly with his sharp and prying questions. Directly he heard a bit of a titter up-stairs, the laugh indicating that there was some mischief going on. Now Fred. Marsh is not a very ceremonious chap when out on expeditions of this kind, so he whipped off up-stairs with a hop, skip and a jump, and in one of the best furnished chambers he found a stylish young gent who put in the name of Pete Elith, and a young and very trim little creature named Nellie Johnson, hid away under the same blanket. Now, some of Fred's friends may not believe it, but Sir Frederick tells this scribe that he hastily routed Pete and Nellie out of that pretty chamber, bagged them as so much game and gilled them on his social evil string. Then he escorted the pair down-stairs and snapping up Melinda Morgan, the engineer of the coop, he gilled her on to the same string, trotted them off to the Tombs, and this morning he wound them in as so much social evil grist at the old mill. Melinda, being on bail, was trotted out first, and telling the court that she had rather pay than to make a fuss about it, said she was guilty of keeping a regular bad house, when the clerk ordered her to pay a fine of $100 and costs, and so she paid it. Then Pete and Nellie, who for a good half hour had the dock all to themselves, were rung up, put their heads together and whispered something to each other, and then said that Fred Marsh did catch them as above reported, when the clerk ordered them to pool in $30 each as fines and to divy on the cost of prosecution. Thereupon Pete paid his own fine, and in less than ten minutes was back with money to stake Nellie and help her out of the scrape, making in all about $175 that Fred played into the mill this morning on that little job.—*Boston Herald, Jan. 7th.*

A HORRID DEATH.—SELF-ABORTION.—On Jan. 9th Coroner Keenan took some testimony in the case of Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Church, late of 629 Ninth avenue, this city, who died on Jan. 4th from the effects of injuries received while attempting to commit an abortion upon herself. Dr. Thomas, one of the attending physicians, deposed that, in making a post-mortem examination of the body, he found an abscess of the lung, with pneumonia; he also discovered in the body a wire, seventeen and a half inches in length, about the size of a knitting-needle, lying diagonally across the abdominal cavity, one end of the wire being embedded in the right lung to the depth of two inches. Previous to her death Mrs. Church stated to Dr. Thomas that she had used the wire upon herself. Deceased told the same story to Mrs. Henriette Brinkerhoff, her sister-in-law, and her motive for so doing. The jury rendered a verdict of death from pneumonia, the result of the injuries above described. Mrs. Church, who was the mother of two children, was thirty-two years of age, and a native of Duchess county, N. Y.

RAPE.—Dr. Charles Mansfield, a well-known practitioner in diseases of a peculiar nature, in Boston and Worcester, Mass., was arrested on Jan. 3d for rape. He is charged by Caroline S. Moore with having committed a criminal assault upon her at his office on Jan. 2d. She says that he made criminal advances to her in one of the rooms of his office, that she fainted, and that he accomplished a violation of her person. The defendant was arraigned in court on the morning of Jan. 4th, and pleaded not guilty; denies the story of the woman entirely, claims that there is some blackmailing scheme at the bottom of it, and says that his office-boy was in the office during the entire time the woman was there. The woman making the charge has the appearance of being a Creole. Mansfield has been held in bonds of $5,000 to appear for examination.

IMPROPER INTERCOURSE.—The daughter of Philip Bulinger, a prominent member of the Lutheran church, of St. Louis, Mo., has had her father arrested on a charge of holding improper intercourse with her. She is about eighteen years of age.

BASE BALL.

THE PLAYERS OF 1872.

The Basemen of the Season—Continued.

In our article on the players of last season, we briefly commented on Start, Gould, Dehiman, Allison, Mills, Mack and Malone, respectively of the Mutual, Boston, Atlantic, Rockford, Baltimore and Athletic nines of 1872. The remainder of the first-basemen of that season include McAtee of the Troy nine, Carlton of the Clevelands, and Murnan of the Mansfield nine. The former is an old first-base player of the heavy build and tough order, plucky in facing hot balls, and generally very effective. Before the era of strategic play in fielding McAtee ranked very high. He is still a reliable man, especially when surrounded by old-time players, but his presence in position whether the old original Haymaker team would not play as successfully as some of the nines succeeding them have done: they used to work together so well. There is nothing like having a nine familiar with each other's play, from experience in matches season after season. It was in this that the main strength of the old Atlantic nine lay. The absence of anything of the kind in the Mutual nine has been its weakness season after season. Carlton showed some very good play at first base last season, but, like others in the Cleveland nine, the unsatisfactory character of the management, or rather the lack of it, practically was a drawback that materially interfered with the success of all the players composing this nine. The fact is, without a strong authoritative management at the head of a professional base-ball nine, the loose condition of things, which necessarily prevails when there is no discipline or proper enforcement of the club rules, is very damaging to the fielding skill of the nine. It is all very well to adopt a code of rules governing a nine through a season, but unless they are strictly and impartially carried out a demoralization ensues which is worse in its effect than if there were no rules at all. The Cleveland Club had a nine last year that, with proper generalship and good financial management, would have closed the season with a creditable pecuniary success at least. Having neither, and lacking also the essential of harmony among their players, the result was the same as with the Troy and Mansfield clubs, viz.:—a retirement from the arena before the season was two-thirds over. Of Murnan's play in the Mansfield nine we had not much opportunity to judge, but what little we did see of it impressed us very favorably.

Second-base playing now requires the player to be not only a base player *per se*, but a right short stop in addition, he having to play in both positions. As a base player he must not only be able to hold a ball thrown to him "hot" from "home" in good time, but he must be quick in his motions in putting it on the player running to the base. In fact, he should not only hold it as the first-base player does, but combine with the sure hold of the ball the activity in touching players required in the position. Then, too, he must be able to cover all the ground at "right short," as well as close around the first base, and to do this well he ought to possess the requisite "head work" to be able to judge of the hits by the pitcher's delivery, and by the style in which the batsman "faces" or "forms" for striking. In fact, the second baseman must be one of the most active of infielders, and a very accurate thrower for short distances, besides requiring to be a man who can use his judgment to aid him.

As a general thing Ross Barnes, of the Boston nine, played second base as well as any one during 1872, if not better; though he played as finely in 1871. In covering plenty of ground, and in studying his batting adversaries, he stands at the head of the list this past season. Barnes is one of those earnest, reliable players who, when activity and skill are combined with it, make a player very valuable in a nine. A sure catcher, a quick player in picking up hot grounders, and an accurate thrower, he possesses qualities well adapted to make him excel in the position. We learn that Barnes is inclined to place too high a price upon his services this season. We would suggest to all professionals the important fact that the high prices for professionals have departed. The man who can now obtain half the salary he could command in 1871 is a fortunate player.

Jimmy Wood, of the Troy and Eckford nines of 1872, was a very active player last season—in fact, he always has been so, no one taking more interest in a contest than he, from the first to the last innings. James, we learn, has retired from the base-ball arena, and therefore further comment on his play is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that he has deservedly earned a good reputation as a square ball-tosser and a fine player, especially in the infield. As a captain James was not so successful as he was as a player, as he lacked one or two of the essentials of an able general of a base-ball nine. There are very few professional players who do possess the essentials of that important position, efficient captains being the rarest class of the professional fraternity.

The most quiet, gentlemanly second-baseman of 1872 was West Pisier, of the Athletic nine, a model of coolness and nerve, and possessing most of the fielding requisites of a first-class player. His gentlemanly deportment and integrity of character placed him above all who played in the position. Nine such men as Pisier in a professional nine would be a team that in one respect would do much to redeem the odium too many players have brought upon the game.

CRICKET.

THE AMATEUR CRICKETERS' VISIT IN 1872.

Lillywhite's Cricketers' Guide for 1873—edited by Mr. C.W. Alcock, of the Surrey Cricket Club, is before us, and in it we find an account of the visit of the English, in which the palm is given to Philadelphia; for in the scores of the games given, no record of the play of the several twenty-twos encountered in Canada and the states is given, except that of the American twenty-two in Philadelphia. Referring to this match the writer of the article on the visit of the cricketers says:—"Philadelphia was the next place visited, and here we had to do all we knew to avoid defeat. Although the team was not strong in batting, the bowling of C. Newhall and Meade was certainly *the best we had to contend against during the whole trip.*"

Referring to the ladies present the writer says:—"Ladies came with scoring sheets in their hands eager to record the prowess of their champions, and they showed by their impartial and well-timed plaudits that their knowledge of the game *far surpassed that of the English fair ones.*"

This is quite a compliment to the ladies of Philadelphia. In commenting on the Boston match the writer states that "this match—if such a mockery of cricket can be termed a match—was only a one day affair. The weather was bad, the ground ditto." Mr. Alcock's work contains an article on batting, by Grace, and one on bowling, by Southerton, which our cricketers need to study.

THE ST. GEORGE CLUB.—The St. George Club recently held an annual meeting at John Sutherland's, Liberty street, and elected officers for the year, as follows:—Hyde Sparks, president; G. T. Green, vice president; C. Vinden, treasurer; M. H. Talbot, secretary. Committee—W. C. Mumford, W. R. Bowman, A. H. Gibbes, E. H. Monan, Berkley Morlyn. The annual report of the committee was read and ordered to be printed. The club played 19 matches, won 11 and lost 2. The treasury shows receipts of over $1,000.

COCKING.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N.Y., vs. QUEENS COUNTY, L. I.

Westchester Again Victorious.

In last week's issue of the CLIPPER we published an account of a main of cocks fought in Brooklyn between the fanciers of Westchester county, N. Y., and Long Island, in which, after a most obstinate contest, the former proved victorious, winning eight out of fifteen battles. We have now to record another triumph for Westchester county, in a main of cocks fought at a well-known pit in the village of Westchester on Monday night, the 6th inst., between the Chanticleers of those county, L. I., and Westchester county. The former were represented by James Dorer, and the latter by Samuel Montgomery, Daniel Clark—her handling and breeding—Speed, and Levi Hyde. Referee Mr. Clacker for Westchester county. The conditions of the main were that each party should show up seventeen cocks, at weights ranging from 6lbs. to 8lbs. 8oz., and fight all that fell in, for $50 each battle, and $1,000 the odd fight deciding the main. There was a large attendance of sporting men present, and the betting on the different fights, as well as on the result of the main, was heavy and spirited. Before commencing the fighting of the regular main, however, after Queens county had won the first fight, and sworn the quality of their birds, the odds became $200 to $85, which were taken by the partisans of the Westchester party, who were twenty desirous of investing the greenbacks they had won on the main of the previous week in Brooklyn. The New York improved rules governed the sport.

First Fight.—Westchester pitted a dark red against a pyle for Queens county; weights, 5lbs. 7oz. The betting was $32 to $10 on Westchester, but the pyle was a splendid fighter, and won after a short but sharp contest. Time, 3¼min.

2. Queens county sent in a spangle, opposed to another Westchester dark red, each weighing 6lbs. 8oz. They were somewhat slow in getting to work, but when they got warmed up with a few scratches on each side, the fighting became fast and furious. The Westchester bird had the call in the betting, but although he was an out-and-out good one, the spangle was still better; indeed, a quicker fighter and more punishing cutter was never pitted than the latter. He had to fight an up-hill battle, but his black and game carried him through triumphantly, and he won, killing his Westchester rival, and scoring another victory for Queens county. Time, 16min. The Westchester division lost very heavily on this fight, and the Long Islanders were correspondingly jubilant.

3. Queens county sent in a birch back, and Westchester a brown red with grey hackle; weights, 6lbs. 5oz. The birch was the favorite at $20 to $16, and the Westchester party were too dispirited by losing the first two fights to back their representative with their customary courage. They had soon occasion to regret their lack of pluck, for after one of the most vindictive fights ever witnessed, during which each in turn had the best of it, the birch fell dead with a brain blow, and the Westchester party scored their first victory, to their intense delight. Time, 12min.

4. The betting on the main was still $100 to $80 on Queens county winning. Two 6lbs. 8oz. fowls were now pitted; a light red, with yellow hackle, for Westchester, and a yellow-legged light grey for Queens county; the latter the favorite at $30 to $40. It was a short but sharp battle, resulting in favor of Westchester. Time, 2min.

5. Even scores, each having won two fights. Westchester sent in a dark red, opposed to a muff for Queens county; weight, 5lbs. 4oz. The Long Islanders were sanguine about their muff, and eagerly laid $50 to $40 on him; odds readily taken by the Westchester sports. Both were determined and savage fighters, so that it was quickly over; the Westchester bird sending the muff flying across the pit with a blow that sent the steel through his head. Time, 4min.

6. Westchester, now with three battles against five, sent in a dark red, while Queens county produced a pyle, whose good looks caused the knowing ones to lay the odds of $80 to $40 on him; weights, 5lbs. 8oz. At the first buckle, the pyle got his leg broken; at the third his eyes were cooked, and death put a stop to his fighting career. Time, 3min.

7. Westchester sent in a birch, 5lbs. 7oz., against another Queens county pyle, same weight. This was an exciting fight, both real good ones. Fly for fly, buckle for buckle, they contended gallantly for mastery, until the Queens county bird, while high in the air, received a fatal brain blow and fell dead in the pit. Time, 6¾min.

8. Westchester stock in the ascendant, having won five fights to Queens county two, and having the call in the betting on the main at $100 to $80. Queens county produced a red pyle and Westchester a grand stationed black red, a real handsome cock, weighing 6lbs. 11oz. It was a terrific fight from the first fly, both cutting each other so fearfully that they were soon disabled, and then first one and then the other was favorite, as they continued the battle without having the ability to do much damage to each other. At last the Westchester bird became exhausted, and the Queens county picked him to death. Time, 31min.

9. Two 6lbs. 8oz. birds for Queens county and a light red for Westchester. The latter won on the second fly. Time, 3 min.

10. Westchester produced a light red against a splendid black red for Queens county; weights 5lbs. 7oz. The betting was $100 to $60 on the black red, but he failed to land the odds for his backers, for the Queens county representative knocked him out of time in 8min., amid loud huzzas.

11. The scores now stood—Westchester six battles, to Queens county four, and the interest intense. A pyle represented the latter, and a dark red, one of the furiness of the former; weight 5lbs. 8oz. One hundred to sixty was current on Westchester winning the main. After a protracted battle, the Queens county bird won. Time, 12min.

12. Two 6lbs. 10oz. birds were now pitted; a muff for Queens county against a pyle for Westchester. After a good fight, the muff won, and scored the sixth victory for Queens county, who thus tied Westchester finally. Time, 13min. The excitement at this finish of this battle was indescribable.

13TH AND LAST.—Queens county pitted another pyle against a splendid light red with yellow hackle, of such commanding appearance that the Westchester division freely offered $50 to $40 on his winning the fight. They each weighted 5lbs. 8oz., and were a pair of clippers. Hit for hit, fly for fly, they went savagely together for 8 minutes, when the pyle fell dead, and the main and money were awarded Westchester county. Summary:—

Battles.	*Westchester Co.*	*Queens Co.*	*Wt. oz.*	*Won by*
1	Dark red	Pyle	5.04	Queens county.
2	Dark red	Spangle	4.06	Queens county.
3	Brown red	Birch	4.06	Westchester county
4	Light red	Light Grey	4.09	Westchester county
5	Dark red	Muff	5.04	Westchester county
6	Dark red	Pyle	5.06	Westchester county
7	Birch	Pyle	4.09	Westchester county
8	Black red	Red pyle	4.13	Queens county.
9	Light red	Birch	4.09	Westchester county
10	Light red	Black red	5.07	Queens county.
11	Black red	Pyle	5.06	Queens county.
12	Pyle	Muff	5.13	Queens county.
13	Light red	Pyle	5.08	Westchester county

Westchester won 7; Queens county 6 fights.

MAIN BETWEEN ALBANY AND NEW YORK.

New York Badly Beaten.

The first of the two mains of cocks arranged in December last between Albany and New York, the former represented by Messrs. Scallon and Story, and the latter by Mr. William Drake, was brought to a decision on Tuesday, January 7th, in New Jersey, on that each party was to show seventeen cocks, and fight specified tell in at weights ranging from 4lbs. 5oz. to 5lb. 1loz.; one inch and a quarter heels, to be furnished by the said William Drake for both parties, and each party to change heels for each fight; the main money to be $2,000, and the side money $200 each fight. There was a large attendance of the patrons of the exciting sport present, Troy, Albany, Boston, Providence and New Haven sending delegations, and even the metropolitan New York division in the fun. The process of weighing occupied nearly three hours, and the crowd, who had paid the high tariff of $5 a head, was becoming tired of waiting when the announcement was made that thirteen cocks on each side had fallen in together at the weights. The well-known William Clacker handled and heeled for Albany, while George Jakeway did the same good office for New York. A popular Brooklyn politician was agreed upon as referee.

First Fight.—The heavy weights, two 5lbs. 11oz. birds, were the first to open the ball, New York putting a black red muff with white hackle, and Albany a handsome grey. The betting was $50 to $40 on Albany. The birds were slow in beginning, and the *connoisseurs* were becoming disgusted at the want of fire manifested, when they began to pepper each other in a way that soon came lively. The grey was the first to go down, and cries of "$30 to $16 on New York," were plentiful as blackberries. The Albanians freely taking these odds. The grey was a game one, for, recovering himself, he set to work, cut the muff into ribbons, and finished by giving him a throat cut, which made him run around the pit seeking for a place of shelter. First fight for Albany. Time, 21min.

2. The betting was now $1,000 to $800 on Albany winning the main. The light weights, two 4lbs. 5oz., were next produced, a red pyle for New York, and a grey for Albany, both good-looking birds. They came together like crash of a whip, and the Albanian losing an eye on the third fly. He, however, fought on with savage resolution, and sending his steel deep into his opponent's throat, the New Yorker dropped dead in a mild cringe of "$150 to $80 on Albany," was pounded and taken away. Time, 21min.

3. The betting was now $1,000 to $800 on Albany winning the main. The light weights, two 4lbs. 5oz., were next produced, a red pyle for New York, and a grey for Albany, both good-looking birds. They came together like crash of a whip, and the Albanian losing an eye on the third fly. He, however, fought on with savage resolution, and sending his steel deep into his opponent's throat, the New Yorker dropped dead in a mild cringe of "$150 to $80 on Albany," was pounded and taken away. Time, 21min.

3. New York produced a handsome lemon pyle, and Albany a black red. It was a rattling fight for a short time, both being badly cut, but the New Yorker staid the longest, and won the first fight for his party by killing his rival. Time, 7min.

4. Two 5lbs. 5oz. cocks next met, New York sending in a brass back, and Albany a "henny" that was made the favorite at $35 to $30. They met high in the air for four or five hackles, cutting each other badly, but the brass back became blind, and the Albanian followed up his success by laying him out stone dead by a brain blow. Time, 8¼ min.

5. The score now stood:—Albany three fights, New York one, and the backers of the up-river party were jubilant. Albany showed a black red against a New York grey; weights, 5lbs. 7oz. Both were real good ones, and the fighting fast and furious, until the grey received a spur through his opponent's neck, and won the fight. Time, 13min.

6. Two 5lbs. 3oz. birds; a black red for New York and a "henny" for second fly reversed for Albany. This was a terrible fight; the Albanian got his throat cut on the sixth fly, and it looked any odds on the black red winning, game as the "henny" undoubtedly was. This the New York bird would undoubtedly have done, but after two flys of foul handling, to the intense chagrin of the backers of the black red, who found themselves compelled to "part," instead of receiving, as they felt confident of doing. Time, 8½min.

7. Two 5lbs. 5oz. cocks; a black red for New York, and a birch red for Albany. The betting on the main was now $100 to $60 on the up-river party, who had won four fights to New York two. There was some lively betting on this fight at even money, and the contest was prolonged and furious. In the first few buckles the Albany bird had the best of it, knocking the New Yorker down, when the latter was pounced. The latter, however, came to, and, fairly blinding the Albanian and finally won, to the disgust of those parties who had laid long odds on the latter. Time, 23min.

8. Albany had won four and New York three battles, and for the eighth event the former sent in another "henny," and the latter a pyle, each scaling 5lbs. 15oz. The New Yorker was the favorite for the fight, but for the main Albany had the call at $100 to $85, and no more could be had. They met like the report of a pistol, and for a few flys the contest was terrible, until the "henny" sent his steel whizzing through his rival's brain, and secured another victory for Albany. Time, 6min.

9. New York sent in a black red, and Albany one of the same color, both 5lbs. 5oz. birds. The Albany bird lost both eyes at the commencement of the fight, but he persevered gamely and found out a soft spot in his rival, who turned a runaway and lost the battle. Time, 7min.

10. New York pitted a brown red and Albany a black red, weighing 5lbs. 6oz. each, and both fine stationed birds. Long odds were offered on Albany winning the main, as that party had won six fights to the New Yorkers' three. They were both splendid fighters, the New Yorker especially so. The latter had the best of the battle until both became exhausted; on breasting them it was awarded to Albany, who thus won the main, having scored seven fights against three for New York. Time, 11min. Drake then refused to fight out the main remaining battles, having lost two certain victories by the bad handling of his heeler. Summary:—

Battles.	*Albany.*	*New York.*	*Wt. oz.*	*Won by*
1	Grey	Muff	5.11	Albany.
2	Grey	Red pyle	5.05	Albany.
3	Black red	Lemon pyle	4.15	New York.
4	Henny	Brassback	5.05	Albany.
5	Black red	Grey	5.07	New York.
6	Henny	Black red	5.05	Albany.
7	Birch red	Black red	5.10	New York.
8	Henny	Pyle	5.15	Albany.
9	Black red	Black red	5.05	Albany.
10	Black red	Brown red	5.05	Albany.

Albany, 7 fights; New York, 3.

SHORT SPURS vs. LONG ONES.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—It is well known that 1¾in. spurs have been used by game fanciers in the vicinity of New York only for many years, but it is not so well known how popular the length is in other parts of the Union at the present time. Boston is almost the only great city where long spurs are still used. The most noted cockers in the United States now employ short spurs, and the greatest mains are fought with them. They are used throughout New York and New Jersey, and in many parts of Pennsylvania, Virginia and other states.

The cocking rules of New York and Western New York require all fights to be settled with spurs 1¾in. in length. In the western states, 1¾in. spurs are favorite weapons, and the great main in Maryland, two years ago, for several thousand dollars a side, in which Mr. Main's birds were the victors, was fought with spurs of this length. Several of the most important mains which came off in Virginia, last season, were contested with 1¾in. spurs, that great and closely fought main between Richmond and Portsmouth being among the number.

The grandest and exciting battles which are fought in New York and New Jersey mains are enough to convince any cocker of the superiority of the short spurs. They are rapidly coming into favor in the southern states, and it is highly probable that in the course of a few years the unwieldly long spurs will be entirely cast aside. The short weapons possess many advantages over the long ones.

They are managed with the same skill and quickness as natural spurs, and do not require such exhausting effort to use with effect as the long ones. Cocks, when fighting with the short ones, require very little handling; consequently, there is less interference with the combatants and not so much chance for dispute or fraud, and as both birds are oblized to be heeled with weapons of the same style and length, the fairness of the battle is much increased. The use of short spurs, too, encourages the breeding of a superior class of birds, as high and short strikers are the most successful with them, and cocks cocks showing these qualities are invariably well stationed and handsomely formed. There are many first-class game cocks in the United States, and in no country do they reach such a weight as in this. A truly game bird of six or seven pounds weight is almost unknown in the British Isles or in Spanish countries, but cocks of our heavy strains often reach these figures.

That 1¾in. spurs are rather short for such heavy weights is unquestionable, but they are to be preferred to those of unnatural length, and it is to be hoped that before many seasons have passed the old-fashioned spurs will be done away with and none used longer than an inch and a half. BOSTON FANCIER.

MAIN BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LONG ISLAND.

New York Victorious.

On Tuesday, the 7th inst., a well-known pit in New Jersey not far distant from this city was crowded by the lovers of this exciting sport for the purpose of witnessing the main between New York and Long Island; John Mulholland representing and heading for the former, and William Clacker the latter. The agreement was to show seventeen birds on each side, at weights ranging from 5lbs. 5oz. to 5lb. 10oz., and fight all that fell in, for $50 each battle and $1,000 on the main. Mulholland's birds were favorites throughout, and well maintained their previous high reputations, by winning eight fights to Long Island's five out of the thirteen fought. Summary:—

Battles.	*New York.*	*Long Island.*	*Wt. oz.*	*Won by*
1	Dark red	Light red	4.04	Long Island.
2	Dark red	Light red	4.10	New York.
3	Black red	Light red	4.00	Long Island.
4	Pyle	Light red	4.15	New York.
5	Light red	Light red	4.13	Long Island.
6	Dark red	Pyle	4.00	New York.
7	Dark red	Dark red	4.06	Long Island.
8	Pyle	Dark red	4.07	New York.
9	Pyle	Pyle	4.10	New York.
10	Light red	Red	5.01	5.00	New York.
11	Pyle	Pyle	4.11	4.12	Long Island.
12	White hackle	Red hackle	5.01	5.00	New York.
13	White hackle	Spangle	4.09	4.06	New York.

Won by New York.—Score 8 to 5.

SPURS.—G. W. Palmer, as will be seen by his card in another column, is prepared to furnish steel spurs of every style, and he also matches odd spurs. Mr. Palmer has had considerable experience in "chicken disputes" and their weapons.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THOSE AND OTHERS and reading rooms at H. H. Hoenack's Cafe Cosmopolitan, No. 114 Second avenue, New York, where files of New York and foreign papers may be found.

BOSTON CHESS CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Boston Chess Club, held in that city on Jan. 6th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, P. Ware, Jr.; vice-presidents, J. W. Boston, J. J. Weiherbee; secretary, F. J. Keyes; treasurer, J. W. Boston; executive committee, F. J. Keyes, F. G. Well, S. Willard, H. McAlister and H. D. Austin.

Notes on Kling's Chess Euclid.—No. 11.

BY GEO. H. CARPENTER.

PROPOSITION.
NUMBER XVIII.

WHITE.—King at his 5; Rooks at Q R 4 and K B 2; Bishops at Q Kt 3 and Q 8; Pawns at K B 6 and K Kt 6th.

BLACK.—King at Q B 6; Rook at Q B 8; Bishop at K B 2; Knight at K Kt 4; Pawns at Q Kt 5, K 5 and K B 6th.

White mates in two moves, by 1

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonio, M'lle.
Adams, Mrs. C. H. 10c
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Barkley, Katie
Butterworth, Julia
Chapman, Julia
Crabtree, Lotta
Cornell, Carrie
Chilton, Emma
Cook, Mrs. H. Welby
Cowrie, Miss Sidney
Conder, Minnie
Beverton, Allie
De Forrest, Zoe (2)
Dupree, Mrs. Chas. H. 3c
De Brina, Rosa
Deskrill, Mad.
Elton, Annie
Emmasetta, Miss
Fontainbleau, M'lle
Foster, Kate
Gracie, M'lle
Gray, Alice
Gray, Mrs. Geo. O.
Gordon, Sophie
Hunt, Fannie
Hawthorne, Louise
Hunt, Ella
Hicks, Netta
Howard, Jessie
Herbert, Emily
Herring, Fannie
Howard, Victoria
Hudson, Leo
Hughes, Jennie
Hardy, Madaline
Ilford, Belle
Janauschek, Mad.
Kurzwell, Johanna
Little, Bettie
Little Nell
Leoltus, M'lle
Lyons, Mad.
Lang, Iona
Leonie, Mad.
Martin, Carrie F. 6c
Milliard, Emma
McCrea, Mary
Morris, Kate
Magee, Nettie (2)
Marsella, Ada
McClellan, Jennie
Mortimer, Maggie
McDonald, Mrs.
Napier, Alice
Nevills, Emma
Putnam, Kate
Prior, E. G.
Preston, Edith
Poinsett, Marie
Rogers, Hattie (2)
Roberts, Hattie
Riddell, Lide
Rosetta, M'lle
Richards, Pauline
Reynolds, Belle
Sheffield, Annie
Smith, Helen
Smith, Hattie
Stanley, Blanche
Sefton, Maude
Sandford, Julia
Sharp, Kittie 10c
Sutherland, Agnes
Stanley, Charlotte
Swift, Sallie
Victori, Mad.
Whitney, Hallie
Woodruff, Mary
Whitney, Miss L.
Whitney, Eva
West, Hal
Wood, Annie
Zettella, Mad.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams Theo.
Allinson, J. W.
Aiken, Albert
Abert, Maurice
Agent Prof. Fowler
Abbott, Chas.
Barnard, Geo.
Brown, E. E.
Brennan, R. A.
Brown, W. C.
Bailey, G. F. (2)
Borsalli, Prof. Chas.
Bent, Leonard
Baker, Ben A.
Bernabo, Adolf. S.
Blachley, Wm.
Bartine, Charley
Bostwick, Julian
Byron, O. Doud
Bruce, C. A.
Barclay, G. L. (2)
Byers, Wm.
Burgess, Lewis
Barge-a, Cool
Bray, Walter
Burke, Wm. K.
Barnum, P. T.
Bush, Irvin T.
Brown & Sandford
Bunch, Robt.
Brewster, Hy.
Conklin, Pete (3)
Carter, Gus
Clarkson, Bert
Cawthorne, Master
Clark, G. M. (2)
Carner, J. W.
Chapman, G. Y.
Crabbe, Prof. J. Irving
Coad, Jo. Dan (2)
Cotton, Jr. Ben
Chappe, Prof. G. W.
Cotton, E. G.
Clasne, Ed.
Cotton, F. G.
Davis & Batchelder
De Leon, Leon (2)
Deverney, F. (2) 3c
Denier, John
De Witt, T. H.
Davis, J. B.
De Mott, Jas.
Durand, W. W. (2)
Durand, John W. (2)
Dupree, Chas. H.
De Haven, Claude (4)
Durley, J. A.
Drayton, Wm.
Dowling, Joe J.
Duncan, James
Dennison & Marson
Denham, Geo. W.
De Haven, G. W. (2)
Donnell, J. H.
Drake, W.
Davis, Prof. J. Chas.
Eckels, Frank
Evans, Charley
Elston, W. H.
Ellis, H. W. (2)
Eldridge, C. E.
Edwards, Geo. H. 3c
Farrell, Geo.
Frazier, C. G.
Fay, J. E.
Fowler, Alex.
Freeman, Jas. H. (2)
Forepaugh, John A.
Fisher, Henry
Forepaugh, Wm. S.
Frank, Tony (3)
Ford, J. M.
Gareux, Emile
Gregoire, W. A.
Gregory, Arthur
Gardner, W. A.
Gibson, C. H.
Gray, H.
Gallagher, Joe
Hertzog, Daniel
Hank Carver
Hamilton, Mr.
Humphries, Frank (2)
Hunting, Robt.
Haydon, A. J.
Hale, A.
Hurley, Joseph
Howard, Gus
Hicks, B.
Hartley, Ned
Herndon, T. J.
Henri, Hi
Hicks, C. H.
Holloway, Edward
Hughes, Andy
Hight, Andrew J. (2)
Hardy, Henry
Haworth, John
Harvey, Geo.
Higgs, J. C.
Jeffery, Eugene
Joyce, Thos.
Jack, S. T.
Jones, P. W.
Kendall, H. A.
Keeshin, Chas.
Kelly, Elias
Kennard, Chas. H.
Knight, Geo.
Loane, Dan. G.
Lasbie, Ben
Linden, Ernest
Lawrence, Wm. A.
Leat, L. B. (2)
Le Fort, Prof.
Lemingwell, M. W.
Lennox, G. J. (2, 3c)
Lane, Geo.
Leopold, Eddie
Lord, F. H.
Lee, H. C.
Lyon, Herbert R.
Lawlor, W. F. (2)
Leavitt, M. R.
Laurence Wm. F.
Miller, Prof. of Violin
Melville, James
Miller, A. C.
Morrisey, Johnnie
Madden, Wm.
Madden, A. H.
Maddox, Geo. J.
Mathews, Chris. 6c.
Morford, Hy.
Martino, Prof.
McLear, Geo.
Mann, William
Maeder, F. G. (2)
Morris, Miles
Maretzek, Max
Miner, Richard (2)
Manager Blind Tom
Macken, James
Martinez, Eugene
McGregor, J. E.
Moran, Master
McWalter, Wm.
McManus, Chas. A.
Mallin, A. M.
Nichols, H. F.
Nix, Prof. Alfred
Nunn, C. A. (2)
Nutt, Rodnie
Owens, J. E. (2)
Oughton, Wm. A.
Owen, J. W.
Phillips & White
"Pizzy"
Palmer, C. C. 3c
Payson, Wm. F.
Parmelee, R. M.
Parmelee, L. F.
Plunkett, Chas.
Phillips, Gus
Price, Joseph
Redmond, H. W.
Ryan & Co., Pat
Rice, Col. J. H.
Ryan, Willie
Rusell, C.
Robinson, Harry
Rooney, Jas. S.
Rice, W. Henry
Rivers, Frank
Runnell, Burnell
Robinson John (circus manager)
Rice, Dan
Romelli, Eugene
Ryan, Belleville
Star, George
Spaulding, C. F.
Sturgess, James
Strobig, I. S.
Sarony, Albert
Salisbury, N. W. (4)
Simpson, Geo.
Snow, A.
Sanbrook, J.
Stickney, Robt.
Sandford, J. W. (2)
Strong, D.
Seeley, Chas. W.
Slevin, M.
Sexton, M. C.
Smith, Dec.
Showles, J. J.
Shaldon.—
Townsend, Harry
Turner & Lester (2)
Turner, Ned
Thompson, W. J.
Tyler, Jack
Vaughn, Irving M.
Williams, Jas.
Watkins, Harry
Webster, Chas.
Williams, Gus (2)
Wells, F. C.
Wheeler, Matt.
Wittgenstein, Master Hugo
Wight, Geo. J.
Wilson, Lewis.
Whitman, Chas.
Wallace, Capt. Saml.
Young, Mr. and Mrs. Chas.
Zig Zag Troupe
Ziegler, Charles

Those are letters in the Elmira, N. Y., post office for W. J. Gilbert, 6c. and Helen Coleman 60c.

TO APPLICANTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS' POSITIONS.—While thanking the many gentlemen who have proffered their services as correspondents, we would respectfully inform them, and all who may hereafter propose to act in that capacity, that we do not require any additional correspondents, and trust that this notice may be considered as a reply to the numerous applications we have received.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Jan. 13th, '73.

out the country, and business generally is dull and embarrassing. From all sections we have the same report—hard times and nothing to do, with a scarcity of money that is sadly discouraging to the people at large. But our "provincial" friends—as we sarcastically term those cities and towns not included within the limits of "the metropolis"—must not imagine that in this city we are reveling in the wealth of the Indies or gorging in the riches of Golconda. Not by any means, gentlemen of the rural districts. The theatres here are doing anything but a paying business, and when the bill-board dead-heads are cut off, a lonesome and deserted air must pervade these erstwhile scenes of dazzling light; for, unremunerative as these deceased heads may appear to be to the manager, to the public they are a power in the theatres, filling up the waste places, and imparting a show of business that might otherwise appear tame and sad. Why, in one month, last summer, a boss bill-poster was employed by the manager or treasurer of a "first-class theatre," up town, to distribute twelve hundred free passes, so that some sort of a show might be made in the auditorium. And that model theatre, bless you, was advertised in the papers as being crowded from the cellar to the garret. One large theatre, where they are a little chary about making a cemetery of the auditorium, looks like a deserted wilderness in its upper works, and not a corpse to be seen. None of the large houses are doing anything like the business usually done at this season of the year, and though some of our stars detest playing to poor houses, yet they are compelled to do so now, or paper the house with gentlemen of leisure, their wives, daughters, and such other variety folk. Some theatres are doing well, for they provide a weekly change, and always present some fresh attraction. So, friends of the outside world, you are doing just as well as our metropolitan managers, and have no cause to complain. To economise, our "first-class houses" are to give up posters, except one large sheet at each theatre; to see which, we presume, the manager will hire stages at railroad cars in which the public may ride free of charge. Fancy the dear people being carted to the "first-class" theatres to read show-bills which used to stare at them from every corner, and make a picture gallery of our streets and a landscape panorama of our curbstones.....

Talking about theatres, some real funny things every now and then occur to enliven and concentrate the persons which, but for us, would never be known to the public. We heard something the other day which is too good to be lost and too precious to keep to ourselves. At a certain theatre (and here, by the way, let us say that we are in honor bound neither to divulge the name of the theatre, nor the parties interested in the screed) there is an actress who plays "juvenile" and "soubrette" parts, impersonating male characters; and true it is that she makes a very pretty boy. Some few evenings ago, we managed, by the exercise of much impudence, to obtain admission at the stage door, to a place behind the scenes of this theatre we are telling you about, and at which this pretty boy actress is engaged. By keeping quiet and opening our ears we heard "what we should not often hear things that it is intended we never shall hear. From our point of observation we easily saw that there was a feeling of jealousy between this pretty boy girl and another lady of the same company. So far so good, as we observe when going through a dish of Irish stew. On the evening alluded to, it seems that our pretty boy received more than the usual attention from a certain leather feller; and this, bear in mind, was the cause of a little set-to between the af resaid, which we would not have missed for many lacs of rupees. A bouquet was chucked on, which the other feller froze to, much to the dismay and consternation of the pretty boy, and thereupon ensued this beautiful dialogue, the pretty boy opening play:—

"That bouquet is for me."

"No, it is not; for I saw and know the gentleman who threw it, and I happen to know that it is intended for me."

"And you will keep it?"

"Most assuredly I will."

"No, you won't."

"Yes, but I will, for I have it now."

"I'll have it or die."

"As you do your hair?"

"Yes, but it is all mine."

"It may be yours, if you have paid for it."

"I want that bouquet."

"You shall not have it."

"I got more applause than you did, therefore it is mine."

"More applause! For what?"

"For my acting; and I deserved it all, for I played my part so well that I will bet you that one-half of the audience thinks I am a man."

"Yes, that may be; but the other half *knows* better."

Fearing that we might hear something that would bring the blush to the cheek of the most fastidious, we got away from these two cheerful actresses as quickly as we could, and we have never been near the place since.

.....A constant reader, who evidently has been groping in the dark for light, asks us to inform him "what a side-show blower gets a week." This requires consideration and calculation, and is not to be answered off-hand, as if it were a "how much is twice two?" conundrum. It all depends upon the blower himself, for if he blows and takes money at the same time, for economical purposes, the question can only be answered by the blower himself, as you may easily understand. If, on the other hand, he is free from guile—if he blows just for fun, and takes a joyous pride in his profession—then to him it would be perfect, and he blows and knocks down like a car conductor; then he just *coins* money, as it were, and wears a gold watch. We would follow the subject to a much greater length, but we think we have said enough to satisfy our correspondent that the position is lucrative in the hands of men entirely great.

.....Another correspondent, whose father acted on a vivisector, kindly inquires whether we would have any objection to publish a poem which he has just finished, after burning gallons of midnight oil. We have no objections, for our motto is, "Liberty or death":—

TU A FEMAIL TRAP PAYSINT.

Hala, glorious wishm of a an born do
Tu as yu act, my mumzy, last night, I did pay;
It's quite surprisin to see how wel you stand on
That slender stix, with nuthin else to hand on;
Wel do I remember that on a Pacher nite,
My bosome bore with loy and harm delite,
As I beheld your legs in woosid hose
Meandrin on a pole like wun of those;
How like a thing of joy yu seemed to me,
A bobbin up and down in missere;
Oh, perrish them boom condems with remors,
While reiches go at libberty, of course;
Sum nits I fare me yu wil brake yoor nex,
A tryin sum su trix as to purpiez;
But go thy wase, proud madam of the air,
Corshin's the word, and of falls bewair.
No more the beail blast ma blo for thee,
When from thy hi trappase thoost lanabt is sterbity.
Leaves has thair times to fall, and so mayst thou,
But deth has all pedus for his own, I wow.

THE END.

.....We are told—and we have no reason to doubt the truth of the allegation—that in Lexington, Ky., there is a young woman who can talk at the rate of 416 words a minute. In George Francis Train to be immured in dreadful dungeons while this wordy competitor for the championship is let loose? Has George no rights? In the bright Lexington of this youth is there no such word as fail?.....We are lovers of Shakespeare, in this country, despite of his being a "blarsted forreiner," but Ireland venerates and makes more of him than we can ever hope to make, for in an Irish abbey two skulls of the bard are shown, one when he was a small boy, the other when he was a full-grown man. For getting up "heads of the people" commend us to the Irish.....'Our Jim," who was out late last Saturday night, says that on that evening ice formed as thick as his head.....There is no truth in the rumor that Maretzek is forming a second opera troupe out of the recently imported Italian emigrants. He denies all complicity with such false set o' scamps.....We'll tell you a little story about one Jimmy Ducks. Jimmy, who was a homespun, simple creature from the rural districts, was a sort of oracle in his own particular sphere, whose motto was, "whenever you see anything a-doing, lay to and help." Jimmy had contracted an acquaintance with a certain city manager during one of his provincial tours, and, having rendered him essential service, received, on one of his visits to "York," in obtaining from him the inestimable privilege of an admission behind the scenes. Once there, he was, of course, in everybody's way. The scene-shifters knocked him here, the supers jostled him there, until, in the seeming confusion, Jimmy lost the little sense he boasted. It was in the palmy days of the old Bowery, when Hamblin was at the helm, and a hero of real water dashing over rocks, attractions. After wandering about some time the visitor ran against Hamblin. "Lem me do su'thin," said he, "just to keep my hand in. I can do it as well as any o' them fellers." "Very well," said Hamblin. "You see that platform?" pointing to a bridge in front of a castle. "Here, take this cloak and staff, and walking up to the first person who presents himself, exclaim, in loud, chromatic voice, 'Hum, goes I and see who follows.'" The novice took his position, and, seeing the fun-loving Billy Gates approaching, exclaimed, "Who goes?" "You go!" replied Billy, at the same fulfilling the stage directions by hurling him into the lake. There was a yell and a splash, and a roar of laughter, in the midst of which Jimmy floundered out of sight, and was seen no more behind the scenes of a theatre.

City Summary.

"THE FASTEST BOY IN NEW YORK," a dramatizaton of Tony Pastor's story of that name, was produced, for the first time in this city, at Wood's Museum on the evening of Jan. 6th, and acted at the evening performances and at the Saturday *matinee* during the week. It has three acts, and although the plot is sketchy, as well as quite improbable, and the various scenes somewhat disconnected, yet it gave apparent satisfaction to the audience. T. G. Riggs, who commenced a star engagement one week's duration on the initial production of this drama, impersonated a rollicking, mirth-provoking Irishman called Cornelius Kennedy, being created solely with the underplot, the laughter he caused served as an admirable foil to the more serious scenes. Mr. Riggs is an excellent actor of Irish characters, his brogue having the true ring, and in the present instance the character being invested with much unctuous humor. T. W. Keene acted Charley Page, who had gained the *sobriquet* of the "fastest boy," &c., with a deal of vivacity and manly dignity. T. L. Connor performed the dual characters of Tirrelli and Beache in a satisfactory manner. J. J. Wallace as Frank Mac, a bully and gambler, delineated in a natural manner the proclivities of that class of which the assumed character was a type. Charles Sturges found an opportunity to create no little mirth in the character of Sappho, a colored waiter. G. C. Charles in the brief part of Mr. Page, the bank-broker, gave satisfaction, as did Frank Langley as Roundsman Hennessay. Miss Lisa Weber, whom we have been accustomed hitherto to see only in burlesque, was rather overweighted by the character of Myra Ethridge, although she acted intelligently. Miss Gussie de Forest appeared to more than ordinary advantage as Blanche. Mrs. D. B. Van Deren, in the somewhat repulsive character of Mrs. Lewis, was correct. Miss Tilly Lewis, whose name was not in the programmes, acted the character of a female servant quite naturally. A new sketch, entitled "The Little Beat," similar to "The Little Fraud," was performed by Sheridan and Mack for the first times. A large business was done during the week, the severe rain storm of Wednesday evening not interfering with the attendance. At the customary *matinee* the burlesque of "Jack, the Giant Killer," constituted the attractions. M. W. Fiske is to act in a new drama entitled "Poison" at the *matinees* during the present week, and on the evening of Jan. 13th Miss Marietta Ravel is to commence an engagement, producing "Jartine."

THE BENEFIT PERFORMANCES on the afternoon and evening of Jan. 7th, at the Academy of Music, for the relief of the company and attaches of the late Barnum Circus, P. T. Barnum stated in the course of an address to the audience that he was considering the feasibility of erecting a museum which should surpass anything of the kind hitherto seen in this city, and that within a month he would finally decide the matter. About $1,200 is said to be the sum realised from the benefit.

"ROUND THE CLOCK," at the Grand Opera House, attracted rather slim audiences during the past week. The spectacular drama entitled "The Cataract of the Ganges" is to be the succeeding attraction. A stud of trained horses, owned by John Murray, the circus manager, and a cataract of real water dashing over rocks, also a troupe of Arab gymnasts and acrobats, are to be among the salient features.

M'LLE CONCHITA RONZATI, dancer and wire walker; George Dunbar, juggler, also Dan. and Josie Morris, were the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's since our last issue. M'lle Ronzati danced a Spanish fandango, and, in response to an *encore*, gave another dance of this nationality. Later in the evening she executed various difficult feats upon a small wire stretched over the heads of the audience, from the stage to a point in the gallery, all of which were received with favor. George Dunbar gave an excellent performance of plate spinning, which evinced much skill and practice. His concluding feat of spinning a large oval platter, transferring it to the top of a very long stick, with which he finished in high air and continued its revolutions, was especially commendable. Dan. and Josie Morris appeared in a musical sketch entitled "Barney and Norah," in which they sang creditably and danced excellently, receiving for the latter an *encore*. Tony Pastor sang some fresh songs, and, as usual, was compelled to respond to a number of recalls, which he did, though he enjoyed it quite as much as the audience. G. F. Moore and Kitty Henderson, in an act called "The Two Deitchers;" McKee and Rogers in their specialty of "Mischief;" Frank Girard and Neil Rodgers in "Hard Check," and J. Emerson, C. F. Sabert, T. Granger, Hen. Mason, with the Misses Celia Ilerd, Amelia and Mary Gorenflo in other sketches, filled out the programme, which attracted a good attendance on Jan. 7th, and 8th. On Monday "Oriana" was presented, with Miss Bernard as Oriana. She performed her part well, making a very good impression. The entertainment closed with the farce of "The Dutch Justice," in which Mr. Morris kept the audience in a roar of laughter by his acting of the title role. On Tuesday night "Anchor" was presented, in which character Miss Bernard acted creditably. On Wednesday, "His Last Legs," "Ger rude" and "The Dutch Justice" were given.

THE LAST WEEK of Miss Agnes Ethel at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., was inaugurated on the 6th by a large and brilliant audience, and excellent business continued throughout the week. With repetition, the play of "Aggie" seems to run smoothly, and is evidently doing well. It held the boards to and including the 8th, and the balance of the week was filled out with "Frou-Frou." Miss Ethel closed with the evening performance on the 11th. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Albaugh open on the 13th in "Poverty Flat."

THE SIMILAR TROUPE produced "Humpty Dumpty" to large audiences at the St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the evenings of the 10th and 11th, and at a *matinee* of the latter date. The performances were of the highest order, the *ballet* being first class and the pantomime finely presented. The Jee brothers' act of "Musical Rocks" made an immense hit, and the German songs and "Cat Duet" of the Grant family were encored. The troupe will be favorably welcomed on a future visit. Their route is east to Albany, where they open on the 20th for a week.

"WAR CLOUDS," with Mr. C. B. Bishop as Marion & Manfield, was presented at the Pittsburgh, Pa., Opera House on the 6th, 7th and 8th inst., to an attendance that would average fair. The drama has but little merit, the plot, situations and dialogue being devoid of special interest. The acting of Mr. Bishop was okay, unctuous and genial, seemingly unstudied and artless. He also faithfully looked the character. Mr. Norris, as Ellery Dorrion, acquitted himself satisfactorily. The General Penton of Mr. Collings, and the Moreland Penton of Mr. Huntley, were creditable impersonations. Mr. Meredith, as Oscar Durand, looked and acted the character exceptionally well. Irving, as Joe Irving, was mortifications, and Mr. Edwards, as General Winstead, correct. W. A. Gang as Pat Mulligan, Frank Altemus as Captain Ennis, C. Fisher as Hans, U. H. Crompton as Clem, and G. R. Stockwell as Jeff, appeared to advantage, Mr. Stockwell being notably good. Miss Alice Brooks, as Stella Penton, was natural and unaffected; and Mrs. Barker gave a judicious rendering of Mrs. Penton. "O'Connor's Child; or, the Harp of Tara," which was acted for the first time, filled out the programme. A good business had been done, and it gives us pleasure to state that the energy and judgment displayed by the manager, Josh. Hart, in catering for the public, is meeting with adequate reward. Among the fresh attractions for the present week are the Matthews family and Arthur Gregory, acrobats and gymnasts.

V. E. BRAMER, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was in town during the past week.

MRS. CHANFRAU arrived from California on Jan. 4th. She was taken severely ill at Salt Lake City, which compelled her to abandon several important engagements. She is now convalescent, and will resume her professional labors at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 3d.

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DOCTY FARREN has just recovered from a very serious illness which threatened his life, but which late was happily averted through the professional skill of Dr. Robert W. Taylor, of No. 50 Amity street.

"ASHERLEY COURT," John Brougham's new five-act drama, founded upon F. W. Robinson's novel, "A Bridge of Glass," was first produced at the Union Square Theatre on the 6th, and may be pronounced a failure, the press and public generally condemning it. The attendance during the week has been light.

"THAT PEACHICAL JOKE" has been the chief feature at Bryant's Minstrels, and consists of a stage representation of a joke recently perpetrated upon an English gentleman by a number of well-known professionals. It met with much favor. The other changes were "Maggie May," sung by William Dwyer; "Lost by Love the Roses Fall," by Harry Norman, in the first part; and in the olio J. W. McAndrews gave his excellent impersonation of "The Charcoal Man;" Dan Bryant and Heise Seymour performed for the first time this season "Les Miserables;" McAndrews and Emerson gave their "African Statues," and Dave Reed and J. B. Carter appeared in "The House to Let." The business has been excellent.

BUT FEW CHANGES have occurred in the programme at the San Francisco Minstrels since our last report.

AMERICUS, the child violinist, was presented during the past week, at Niblo's Garden, by the Count Joannes, with a handsomely illuminated pictorial life of Robinson Crusoe, bound in green and gold, also an elegant bouquet.

MISS MARIAN MORDAUNT has been confined to her residence during the past week by illness. On the occasion of her benefit, during a recent engagement at Albany, she was presented with an elegant diamond ring, which was thrown to her on the stage attached to a bouquet.

COL. T. A. BROWN, dramatic agent, No. 9 West Fourth street, is prepared to negotiate with managers desiring to secure the Laura Keene Dramatic Company for the spring season, commencing February 16th; and the titles of several new plays which will be produced by Miss Keene, are published in another column. J. H. O'Neil, with his drama "Eph;" the Rowland Brothers, bar performers; and Eugene Bliss, humorous character artist, can be engaged through this agency; and Mr. Brown is also prepared to rent the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE THEATRICAL MANAGERIAL COMBINATION formed in this city against printers' ink will have a final meeting some day this week. We are sorry to learn that some of our minstrel managers have joined this Gideon's Band of Miserables. Let them beware how they permit themselves to be used as cats-paws for the benefit of a theatrical clique who, a few years ago, turned up their noses at minstrels and variety people.

THERE IS A QUIET FROLIC going on between the critics and others connected with the Lotos and Arcadian clubs, the latter, we believe, being an offshoot of the former, and having anything but a friendly feeling for the Lotos eaters, and *vice versa*. John Brougham is said to be among the wounded. "Let us have peace."

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE has not benefited by the management services of Mr. Anderson, of Lydia Thompson notoriety. Mr. Hayes might do better by going it alone.

THE PRESS of this city calls for a reduction in the prices of admission to our first class theatres.

MR. BELLEW, English orator and elocutionist, will make his first appearance in the United States at Association Hall, N. Y., on the 28th inst. He sailed from Liverpool last Friday, and is expected to arrive on the 21st.

Dramatic.

To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

To every authorized correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER we have issued a card of a LIGHT YELLOW COLOR, with an engraving of the CLIPPER building on one side, and on the other the name of the correspondent, city, &c., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office and date of Sept. 1st, 1873, affixed thereunto, each card running *for six months*. No person is authorized to act as correspondent, and all showmen are requested not to recognize or extend favors to any person unless he can produce a card like the above. During the past season many managers were defrauded and imposed upon by persons presenting themselves as correspondents of the CLIPPER, and signing their names, the words "Regularly authorized correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER," and gave as an excuse for so doing that they had left their regular card at home. Our correspondents are requested never to use such cards, never to ask favors without showing their regular cards, and managers will save themselves from being imposed upon by demanding, at all times, the regular card. All cards of correspondents are subject to recall at any time. Correspondents are requested to make their favors as brief as possible, as we have not space for voluminous reports. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

CINCINNATI THEATRICALS, up to the 10th, are reported by our correspondent as follows:—"At Wood's Theatre Charles Furbish's dramatic combination have been playing 'Divorce' this week, to a splendid business, and both the play and the actors have taken a firm hold of the local critics. The piece, as compared with those generally indigenous to this country, is entitled to a high degree of praise, and the cast, in its whole, is level and good, several of the characters particularly so, and only a few noticeably bad. George C. Boniface, as Alfred Adriance, was easy and pleasant, and revealed power when required in the last acts. Next week the same artists produce 'Article 47,' and will be then followed by Dominick Murray, supported by the regular stock company.....At Robinson's Opera House, Joe Murphy opened in "Help" on Monday, and has run it all the week to a fair business. Mr. Murphy's ability as a Dutch, Irish and Ethiopian comedian is well known, and his songs, dances and sentimental solos take as well as ever. The play is so very bad, however, that he should shelve it as soon as possible. The cast embraced J. M. Hardie as Tracy Randall, in which he seemed a very good sort of villain; T. J. Hind as Captain Waldo, Harry Clifford as Amos, J. R. Grismer as Nubbles, a good characterization; Barry McHale, P. M. Allison, Mrs. Emma Stone as Eleanor, Kitty Morello as Lily Waldo, Kate Quinton as Fanny Stuart, good but a *leetle* too smart; Nannie Egberts as Laura Freeman, Mrs. M. Berrell as Murphy's engagement closes with the week. Mr. next week the spectacle of 'Puck' is to be produced by the stock company.....W. J. Halpin, who performed one of the leading parts in Ned Buntline's play for the week, died suddenly on the 7th inst., at the St. James Hotel, in this city, of pneumonia. He was but twenty-three years old, and was son of Col. Halpin, of Fenian notoriety, now engineer of this county. He has been connected with various traveling troupes for the past year or two; was leading man at the National when it first opened last fall, and left here in support of Mariscotta, and, months since, being here stranded in Chicago, was picked up by Col. Nixon for the Indian play. His voice for depth and sweetness was remarkable, and he would undoubtedly have achieved a high place in his profession had he been spared.....The Germans of the city are moving to have a first-class theatre, and, at a meeting held a few nights since, committees were appointed to arrange plans, etc., in the meantime they have a regular theatre in operation at Turner Hall, and another at Arbeiter Hall. At the former, Clara Winkler is billed for a benefit on the 15th, on which evening Mrs. Maria Pelozi, of St. Louis, begins an engagement in 'Medea.'.....The National, which closed under the management of Mr. Leslie last week, is being cleaned and refitted, and under the name of Grover's National Theatre, and new management, Holmes Grover, will open about February 1st as a regular legitimate theatre. George B. Hudson is to be stage manager, and the company is to be a new one."

THE TONY DENIER pantomime troupe, with Denier as Clown, Sloan as Pantaloon, Maffin as Harlequin and Lina De Rosa as Columbine, produced "Humpty Dumpty," at Weingar Hall, Louisville, Ky., on the 9th inst., to continue throughout the week. The prevailing epidemic there, the small-pox, tends to hurt the theatricals, as a great many will not attend places of amusement for fear of catching it.

MISS LIZETTE BERNARD, with D. L. Morris, Dutch comedian, and a poor support under the management of Ed. Keller, performed at Selma, Ala., on the 6th, 7th, and 8th. On Monday "Oriana" was presented, with Miss Bernard as Oriana. She performed her part well, making a very good impression. The entertainment closed with the farce of "The Dutch Justice," in which Mr. Morris kept the audience in a roar of laughter by his acting of the title role. On Tuesday night "Anchor" was presented, in which character Miss Bernard acted creditably. On Wednesday, "His Last Legs," "Ger rude" and "The Dutch Justice" were given.

THE LAST WEEK of Miss Agnes Ethel at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., was inaugurated on the 6th by a large and brilliant audience, and excellent business continued throughout the week. With repetition, the play of "Aggie" seems to run smoothly, and is evidently doing well. It held the boards to and including the 8th, and the balance of the week was filled out with "Frou-Frou." Miss Ethel closed with the evening performance on the 11th. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Albaugh open on the 13th in "Poverty Flat."

THE SIMILAR TROUPE produced "Humpty Dumpty" to large audiences at the St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the evenings of the 10th and 11th, and at a *matinee* of the latter date. The performances were of the highest order, the *ballet* being first class and the pantomime finely presented. The Jee brothers' act of "Musical Rocks" made an immense hit, and the German songs and "Cat Duet" of the Grant family were encored. The troupe will be favorably welcomed on a future visit. Their route is east to Albany, where they open on the 20th for a week.

"WAR CLOUDS," with Mr. C. B. Bishop as Marion & Manfield, was presented at the Pittsburgh, Pa., Opera House on the 6th, 7th and 8th inst., to an attendance that would average fair. The drama has but little merit, the plot, situations and dialogue being devoid of special interest. The acting of Mr. Bishop was okay, unctuous and genial, seemingly unstudied and artless. He also faithfully looked the character. Mr. Norris, as Ellery Dorrion, acquitted himself satisfactorily. The General Penton of Mr. Collings, and the Moreland Penton of Mr. Huntley, were creditable impersonations. Mr. Meredith, as Oscar Durand, looked and acted the character exceptionally well. Irving, as Joe Irving, was mortifications, and Mr. Edwards, as General Winstead, correct. W. A. Gang as Pat Mulligan, Frank Altemus as Captain Ennis, C. Fisher as Hans, U. H. Crompton as Clem, and G. R. Stockwell as Jeff, appeared to advantage, Mr. Stockwell being notably good. Miss Alice Brooks, as Stella Penton, was natural and unaffected; and Mrs. Barker gave a judicious rendering of Mrs. Penton. "O'Connor's Child; or, the Harp of Tara," which was acted for the first time, filled out the programme. A good business had been done, and it gives us pleasure to state that the energy and judgment displayed by the manager, Josh. Hart, in catering for the public, is meeting with adequate reward. Among the fresh attractions for the present week are the Matthews family and Arthur Gregory, acrobats and gymnasts.

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AT THE CHESTNUT ST. THEATRE, Philadelphia, Mr. H. B. Phillips had his annual benefit on the 6th inst., when the comedy of "Laugh When You Can," the melo drama of the "Golden Farmer," and the comic drama of "Robert Macaire," constituted an attractive programme. Harry Joseph's benefit took place on the 10th inst., a crowded house on that occasion being a fitting reward for his efforts to please and amuse. "Kind to a Fault," "Shenanandoah," and "The Artful Dodger," formed the programme. Miss Annie Adams, who volunteered, was most favorably received, a result due to her powers of vocalism. On the 7th inst., an original sensational drama by Mr. J. Neil Fort, entitled "Saved by Chance," was produced for the first time on any stage. The drama is in four acts, and subsequent to at first rather confusing, still, as the story becomes developed, the plot attains a high point of interest. A judicious pruning, while serving to condense its story, will greatly improve its representation. The plot hinges upon the machinations of a villain, Charles Andrady, to kill off all the relatives and lovers of a rich young lady, Ellie Vickers, in order that he may marry her, all ending happily, however, by the efforts of a shrewd, but apparently simple-minded boy, Ismel Doddy, who forms the principal character of the drama. The dialogue, not without a certain vein of excellence, is far eclipsed by the constant occurrence of sensational incidents and situations, conspicuous among which is a railroad scene with an attempt to wreck the train by the opening of a drawbridge. The cast was well sustained. Mr. E. F. Wilks being especially good as Ismel Doddy. Miss G. M. Cipriani made his first appearance here in this drama, displayed a fair amount of dramatic talent as the villain Andrady.

ward, especially as it was promised that the scenery in which the piece was to be dressed would be entirely new and in every elaborate manner. The audience on the initial night scarcely more than half filled the theatre, however, and it did seem as if failure awaited the first pretentious effort made at the Metropolitan this season; but later in the week the attendance increased and the manager may now look forward with a fair prospect of being remunerated from the speculation. It is said that 'The Yellow Hat' was suggested by a French spectacle, the name of which is withheld; but from whatever source it was derived does not matter, for either the original is very weak or the present piece, if adapted, has been botched in the attempt to localize it for the San Francisco stage. Exceptions were taken last week as to the rear vehicle chosen at the California, in the play of 'Aladdin,' for the conveyance of scenic display, and it seems incumbent to repeat them with double emphasis in respect to the selection of 'The Yellow Hat' for the same purpose. It is neither artistic nor amusing, and as for its plot, the opponent of the bets might be inverted without adding to or decreasing from its visionary interest. A bewildering crowd of demons, fairies and amazons fill upon the stage for a no more apparent reason than to show off gaudy costumes under the glare of limelight, and to appear and disappear at a blast from the orchestra. The humor that is supposed to reside in the play springs from the existence of a 'yellow hat,' which has the magic power of conferring upon the wearer an irresistible fascination in the eyes of the fair sex. As the hat changes ownership, and in time is descended by others to Aladdin, the 'lucky' person, in each of the pieces which grow slightly monotonous in being exact repetitions. The scenery, therefore, is counted on as a means of entertainment, and with a view of its relief it is observed that a full share of enjoyment is to be derived in viewing the dresses of William Barbery, the artist of the theatre. While the greater part of them do not create profound wonder by their delicacy of fancy or brilliancy of coloring, there are a few effective ones, particularly of Aladdin's wife, namely, the apartment and tapestry hangings in the Palace of Roses, and the transformation. The latter, which is a pretty design and really a glittering spectacle, is developed in the garden of the Palace of Roses, viewed under different colored lenses, through which the limelight plays. The acting calls for no especial comment. W. Ellerton, who has temporarily relieved himself of his duties in the chief arrest upon himself in the part of the sedate Hic Hac. Messrs. Rytinge, Edmonds, Hinckley and Thayer, and Miss Fanny Young, did their best with characters which did nothing for them. Mr. Linton, who it is hoped does not labor under the delusion of impressing himself the great Liston resuscitated, was a mournful instance of unrequited zeal in transferring a cheap sawdust humor to the stage. Were the gentleman less pretentious, there would be smaller provocation to launch shafts at the target he holds up in himself. Below is the full cast of characters with which 'The Yellow Hat' was performed:—

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Hic Hac, Satan's chief agent ..... W. Ellerton
Phosphorella, wife of Hic Hac, devoted but jealous ..... Charley Bells
Gambley, a Man of Cards and Figures ..... E. J. Crowell
Satan, accused of causing the ..... A. Graham
Bonadventure, a Female from a Warm Clime ..... Ada Shattuck
Fairy of the Palace ..... Miss Jennie Stuart
Cerebus, rather a dogg-ed individual ..... ——

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Fortunio, a Fisherman, who sports a Yellow Hat ..... Blanche Clifton
Hon Broccoli H, addicted to Love and Frolic ..... Harry Eytinge
Seneschal, Prime Minister and Queen's Adviser ..... Hudson Liston
Commander de Bovery ..... G. Hinckley
Vicomte de Freemont ..... C. Edmonds
Duke de Rochemble ..... L. Delmour
Baron Althotas ..... F. Thayer
Princess Miranda, a Young Lady on the marry ..... Fanny Young
Cocquenarde ..... Mrs. Chas. Bishop
Markana ..... Miss Griffin
Abricotine ..... Kate Mayhew
Fleurette ..... Miss Robins

"Some attention was attracted by an olio of singing, dancing, banjo solos and bone-playing, in which Blanche Clifton, Cherry Belle, Lulu Wilson and the Little Darling participated. The most successful of adventitious effects introduced, however, was the march of the Amazons, who were clad in silver-plated armor upon which the reflected limelight threw down their colored lenses were cast, producing a brilliant spectacle. ...Aladdin,' with its beautiful scenery and effective ballet, has filled the California Theatre night after night. The performance now to be passed off with the same enjoyment of the nets might be inverted without adding to or decreasing from its visionary interest. A bewildering crowd of demons, fairies and amazons fill upon the stage for a no more apparent reason than to show off gaudy costumes under the glare of limelight, and to appear and disappear at a blast from the orchestra. The humor that is supposed to reside in the play springs from the existence of a 'yellow hat,' which has the magic power of conferring upon the wearer an irresistible fascination in the eyes of the fair sex. As the hat changes ownership, and in time is descended by others to Aladdin, the 'lucky' person, in each of the pieces which grow slightly monotonous in being exact repetitions. The scenery, therefore, is counted on as a means of entertainment, and with a view of its relief it is observed that a full share of enjoyment is to be derived in viewing the dresses of William Barbery, the artist of the theatre. While the greater part of them do not create profound wonder by their delicacy of fancy or brilliancy of coloring, there are a few effective ones, particularly of Aladdin's wife, namely, the apartment and tapestry hangings in the Palace of Roses, and the transformation. The latter, which is a pretty design and really a glittering spectacle, is developed in the garden of the Palace of Roses, viewed under different colored lenses, through which the limelight plays. The acting calls for no especial comment. W. Ellerton, who has temporarily relieved himself of his duties in the chief arrest upon himself in the part of the sedate Hic Hac. Messrs. Rytinge, Edmonds, Hinckley and Thayer, and Miss Fanny Young, did their best with characters which did nothing for them. Mr. Linton, who it is hoped does not labor under the delusion of impressing himself the great Liston resuscitated, was a mournful instance of unrequited zeal in transferring a cheap sawdust humor to the stage. Were the gentleman less pretentious, there would be smaller provocation to launch shafts at the target he holds up in himself. Below is the full cast of characters with which 'The Yellow Hat' was performed:—

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Cocquenarde ..... Mrs. C

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other advertisements coming under the head of ENGAGEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—to be interspersed in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DISCOUNT from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned,
FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHARLESTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—There are a few vacant dates in February, March, April and May. Managers desiring the same will please apply to
J. L. MOSES, Agt.,
4 2-13t Charleston, S. C.

ONE CENT REWARD!
Will be paid for any information concerning the whereabouts of W. H. BRENT, who disappeared from Milwaukee after receiving his salary, and five dollars as a present for a sick wife, on the 31st of December, without giving notice to his employer, and leaving his name in the bill for a leading part.
Managers are cautioned against actors who thus break their engagements.
E. M. GARDNER,
43-1t* Manager Milwaukee Opera House.

EAGAN AND EDWARDS,
THEATRE COMIQUE,
Detroit, Mich., Jan. 13th, 2 weeks.
GRAND CENTRAL,
Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 27th, 4 weeks.
FRONT STREET,
Baltimore, Md., Feb. 24th.
All correspondence promptly attended to. 37-13t*

HERNANDI BLITZ,
THE GREAT ILLUSIONIST,
WITH SPLENDID APPARATUS,
Can be engaged by manager of good means, with
TAKE A LIVE MAN AS PARTNER.
43-1t* Address care of Clipper office.

LAY & PIERCE'S FULL INDIAN BRASS BAND can be engaged. P. O. Box No. 7, Versailles, Catt. Co., N. Y. 42-1t*

PARKER'S NEW HALL,
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.
Stage 32x18, with scenery, foodlights and good dressing rooms. Seating capacity for 500 to 600; 215 chairs for reserved seats.
MOST CENTRAL LOCATION IN TOWN, AND VERY POPULAR WITH THE PUBLIC.
Population over 25,000. Rent moderate.
Address JOSEPH PARKER,
43-3t* Germantown, Phila.

WANTED, FOR A SMALL VARIETY TROUPE, to start out about the 25th of January, a Song and Dance Lady and a Serio-Comic Vocalist. Address, stating lowest terms, JOHN RENFORTH, St. Louis, Mo. 42-3t*

MR. HARRY BROWN,
COMIC VOCALIST,
MIMIC
AND
COMEDIAN.
THE
ORIGINAL WHISTLING THIEF,
Acknowledged by the public and press to be one of
THE MOST LEGITIMATE ARTISTS
in his line on the
AMERICAN STAGE.
Business communications from managers of first-class Variety Theatres will receive prompt attention through his sole agent.
B. B. CAVALIER, Agent,
2-1t* 636 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

WANTED, SITUATION FOR ADVANCE AGENT
or the Season of 1873. Address
HARRY McKNIGHT,
care of FRED. AIMS, American Theatre,
-1t* Pittsburgh, Pa.

SAM LENT,
open for engagement, as TREASURER or ADVANCE AGENT, to reliable parties. Reference—BEN. LUSBIE, Lightning Ticket Seller. Address SAM LENT, care Box 220,
42-1t* Westfield, Chatauqua Co., N. Y.

ERNEST STANLEY, THE well-known Advertising and Contracting Agent, can be engaged after Feb. 1st, 1873. Address, care of N. Y. Clipper. 42-1t*

WANTED.
A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY,
for the Pioneer Temperance Combination, also lady and little girl to sing in Tableaux. Salary low but sure. No fares paid. Silence considered a negative. Company to take the road 1st of February. Address LINA BEECHER, Business Manager, Medina, New York.

G. BENNETT,
Who is going to the World's Exposition in Vienna, Austria, next May, would be pleased to negotiate with a responsible manager of a first-class show or curiosities, or any kind of exhibition as agent. Can furnish first-class references regarding character and capability. Can speak four different languages fluently, and is well posted all through Germany and France. This will be a third voyage across the ocean. Has been at the Paris Exposition, and is well known by professionals all through the United States (that is, traveling shows and Europe. Refers to Mr. Corey, Omaha Academy of Music. Can furnish a first-class record, and has been traveling for the past eighteen years west, east, south, as well as in foreign parts. Was with Howes & Cansello in 1868, through Georgia, also with Mr. Rents at Paris, through the Exposition. Will leave New York May 15th. Address P. O. Box 1,131, Des Moines, Iowa. 42-3t*

CIRCUS WAGONS FOR SALE
CHEAP. One Bill Wagon, Fielding, maker. One Paste Wagon. One Passenger Ambulance, to carry 14 persons, cost $2,100—a splendid affair; one Trick Wagon, one Ticket Wagon, one Canvas Wagon, one Plank Wagon, one two horse Carriage, one single Buggy, with four horse, two horse and single harness; everything complete for running your show up. The above property is all in good condition, ready to go on the road, and can be seen by applying to GREEN BROS.,
41-3t* 113 and 120 Railroad avenue, Newark, N. J.

TO AUTHORS,
Tried or untried, successful or unsuccessful, original, translators, or adaptors (in any case must be epigrammatic). WANTED—A new comedy drama, prosaic if possible, for the re-appearance in America the coming spring of
MISS ELISE HOLT.
In the part assigned this lady all sentimentality must be eschewed, while the author must give himself up entirely to smart dialogue and wit, without coarseness. The part must be the central figure, either male or female, boy preferred. Heroic speeches and tears may be distributed among the rest of the characters with impunity. Don't want any trash. MSS. may be left, and further information imparted at the periodical depot of
41-3t W. C. WEMYSS, 729 Broadway, New York.

DOLAN'S OPERA HOUSE,
LOGANSPORT, IND.
This new and elegant house will be finished and ready for opening Jan. 1st, 1873. It has all the modern conveniences, including full sets of scenery, dressing rooms, water closets, &c. Seated with chairs; capacity, 1,500. Population of town, 15,000. Heated by furnaces and lit by gas. Would like to open with a first class theatrical company. WILLIAM DOLAN, Proprietor.
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